60 cents

OCTOBER 21, 1977. No. 69

RAM

PETER ALLEN–
PRODIGAL RETURNS

AEROSMITH–
BOGGING DOWN

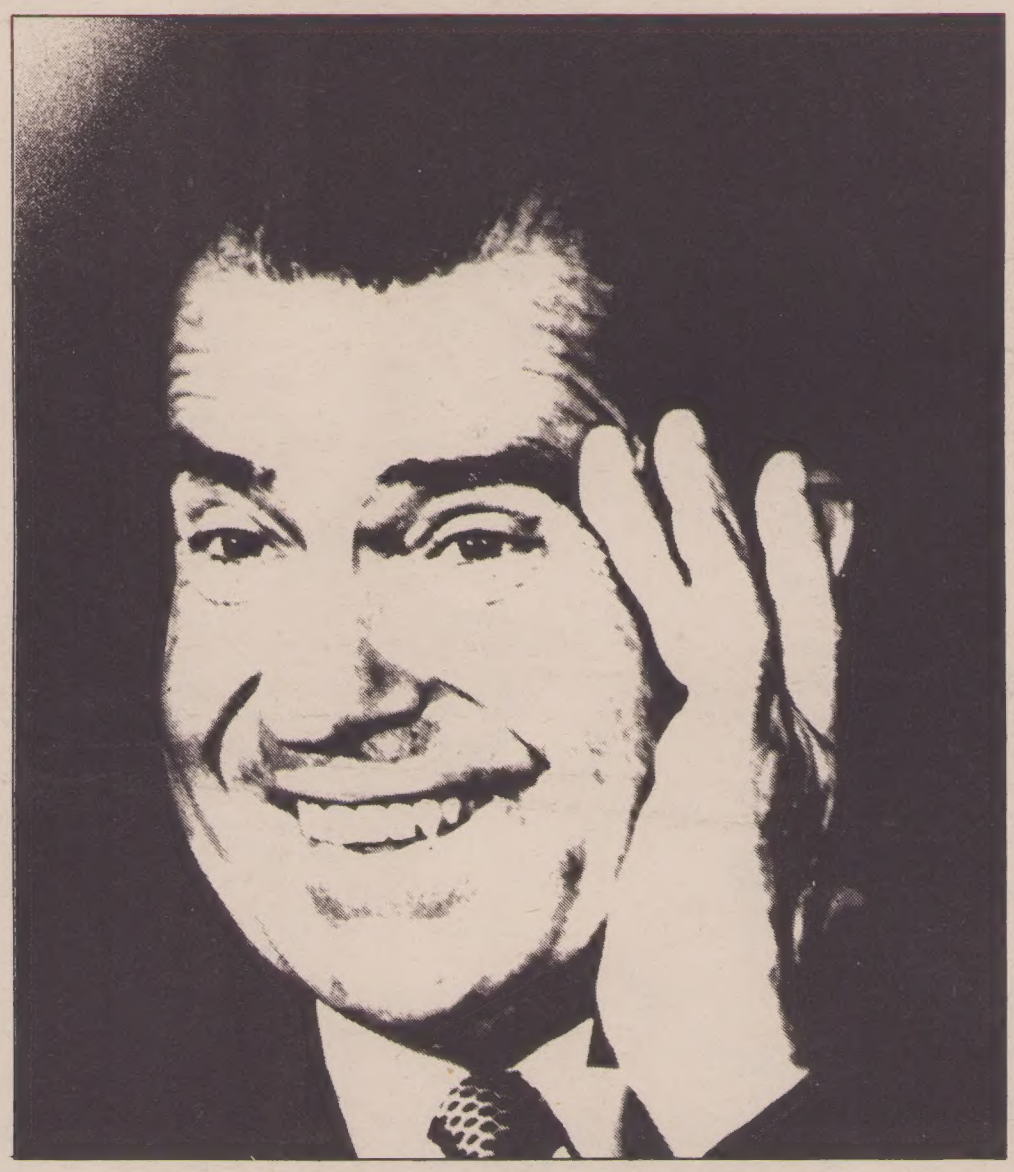
PETER FRAMPTON'S
GAME PLAN

MOTORCROSS
TAKES OFF

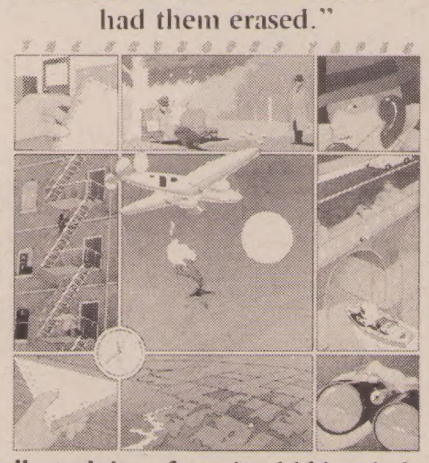
MARC BOLAN

TOWNSHEND/LAINE, CHERIE CURRY, MANNING KEAYS, FLASHEZ, STEREO PART 2,

DID SKYHOOKS EVER GET TO THE WHITEHOUSE?



"If I had known what was on The Tapes,
I would've sure as the dickens
had them erased."



ALL MY FRIENDS
PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES
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HOT ROD JAMES
MILLION DOLLAR RIFF
YOU'RE LIKE A BROKEN GIN BOTTLE, BABY

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Welcome to the Funhouse

The hysteria induced by O'Grady's absence from this joint has settled down into a kind of zomboid catatonia. The word 'deadline' looks perfectly innocent to you, doesn't it? Just an eight letter innocent little piece of English, like 'loathing' or 'terrible'; hey kid, come and work at RAM and the mere mention of it will bring you out in a cold sweat too. Have fun! Meet pop stars! Famous people! Spill coffee on celebrities! Roll up, roll up, stomach ulcers this way, turn to your right for nervous rashes! Learn to throw typewriters, smash records, loathe the very sight of electric guitars! You haven't really whinged till you've whinged at . . . RAM!

The suntanned, relaxed O'Grady has been sighted touting woven palm baskets and trying to get stoned on kava; next issue he'll tell you all about it, no doubt. Phoning from Fiji, his calm tones were indescribably infuriating, even if it is nice to know he's had a pleasant, relaxed time. You can expect the all new, brown skinned A. O'G. brain to be turning out lots of fresh, witty stuff when he returns to the quagmire, soothed and refreshed. You can also expect everyone else's prose to be an even tighter mass of psychotic knots.

On a more serious note, a moment of respect for Marc Bolan's tragic death. It was a particularly lousy twist of fate that he died when he had successfully conquered his three year downer, regained health and happiness as you can see from his recent photographs, and had reunited with his old friend Bowie. The pair were in the initial stages of recording an album together, something that would have been a most interesting project. There's no need to paint the man whiter than white simply because he's dead—Bolan could be unbearably egotistical, irritatingly perverse, vain and temperamental. But he was also extremely talented, something you forget until you dig up his old records and listen to the boundaries he was breaking with wit, style and imagination. He was one of the first people to show you could do whatever you liked with pop and rock music, full steam ahead and damn the wowsers. It's too late, but we raise our mugs to you, Mr. Bolan. . .

This my last chance to say something Terribly Important—mother dog, there must be something. Um. . . buy more Australian music (recent brushes with O.S. talent has proved, to me anyway, that our bands are world class without a doubt). A letter from the Canadian record company Attic tells us to keep up the fight; Canadian radio has a 30% local content ratio. The Attic people say here's hoping that in ten years time the quota won't be necessary in both countries, when the national musical inferiority complexes have finally disappeared. Hear hear.

Er. . . Don't let the whales keep being slaughtered. It's not an oddball weirdo hippy cause, just plain sense and a wish to preserve beauty, something that's disappearing far too rapidly in the world. The same applies to Uranium. The protesters may be going about it in the wrong way, allowing hysteria and emotionalism to fog the issue, but the consequences of a uranium powered future really are bleak. After giving the matter serious thought, I for one would be willing to have candle light, give up records and electric music as much as I love it rather than live in a world with plenty of power and even more mortal danger.

There. Now for the retraining programme. Ok Anthony, yeah hup, yeah hup, yeah hup, spit spit, pogo pogo, three thousand lines of 'I luv da Sex Pistols', right away boss. . .

Annie Burton

DIRT

GET STAFFED

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BROADWAY, N.S.W. 2007

After the abortive kidnapping attempts on Elvis Presley's tomb, his family want the bodies of Elvis and his mum moved from the Memphis cemetery to a burial plot within the walls of the Gracelands mansion. The 24-hour guard on Presley's tomb is costing $120 a day. . .

It's strongly rumoured that the wild Texan rock 'n' roll band Z.Z. Top will be touring Australia early next year.

For their last O.S. tour, which was called *Texas To The World,* Z.Z. Top spent tens of thousands of dollars on their stage presentation. During the tour, the stage was bare of amplifiers; instead, a desert scene complete with cactus and fences was represented. The band spent months training vultures to withstand the noise of concerts so that they could sit on the fences. The livestock didn't just stop at vultures—the set had a buffalo, also trained to accept the band's noise. The buffalo stood on a hydraulic platform and was raised up to stage level and spotlit for approximately ten seconds each night. The cost of *that* stage prop was reported to have cost the band about $140 thousand dollars by the end of the tour.

On the tour Z.Z. Top transported their equipment in three semi trailers. Instead of the usual signwriting on the sides of the massive trucks, the band commissioned an artist to paint a desert scene along the sides. Consequently, when the trucks were parked, viewers were confronted with a desert scene 120 feet long.

It's doubtful whether the band will be able to employ their buffalo and vultures on the Australian tour due to quarantine regulations, but fans can still expect to witness an exciting show.

Chris Spedding, the highly respected session guitarist who toured Australia with Bryan Ferry earlier this year, is fronting his own band for a British tour.

It's the first time that Spedding, who will be handling lead vocals as well as guitar, has formed his own band.

Having done session work for artists like John Cale, Donovan, David Essex, Lulu and Dusty Springfield, he has also worked in bands with former Free bassist Andy Fraser, Roy Harper and Bryan Ferry.

The tour the new band are embarking on will coincide with the release of Chris Spedding's fourth solo album, to be called *Hurt.*

Until now, records by the Sex Pistols have been available in Australia only through import record stores and mail order outlets.

However, Wizard Records executive Tony Hogarth has signed an Australian distribution deal with the Sex Pistols' English record company.

This means that for the first time since EMI dropped the band, Sex Pistols' records will be freely available here.

Wizard have released the group's last two singles, *God Save The Queen* and *Pretty Vacant.*

The master tapes of the band's debut album have been flown to Australia. The album will be pressed here and released very soon. Containing ten songs, including their first single *Anarchy In The U.K.,* the album was due for release in May but for various reasons it's been held up.

According to Hogarth: "The Sex Pistols have shown a desire to tour Australia in either January or February next year."

It's believed that negotiations are currently underway for the Sex Pistols tour with a major promoter.

Keith Moon, the notorious drummer from the Who, was back at his old tricks in London recently with stories of a luxury hotel he's going to build in Tahiti—so he can smash it up without "a lot of fuss."

He was also "totally mystified" by reports that he'd visited his neighbour in Malibu, Steve McQueen, and had got down on all fours to talk to the film star's dog. Reports have suggested that Moon then went into the garden to talk to the flowers before being chucked out by McQueen's sixteen year old son; McQueen junior has exclusive rights to chatting to his own blooms. . .

The saga of Cher and Gregg Allman looks like becoming eternal. . .

As we reported recently, Cher and Gregg returned from a holiday in Japan with Gregg in bad shape. He was advised to give up drinking—the doctors warned the star, who seems determined to be excessive with just about everything, that if he didn't give up drinking he'd be dead by the end of the year.

So Gregg took the advice and admitted himself to an anti-alcohol clinic in Connecticut. After only a brief stay, he checked himself out. Reportedly soon after, he was seen staggering around a New York rock club. He returned to the clinic for a week, but once again checked out for a pub crawl. Reports have it that he has now returned to the clinic for treatment.

Meanwhile, Cher spent a few days in hospital last week having cosmetic surgery. She's not saying what got lifted or dropped, but she had two operations. Cher has finished her series of East coast concerts with former husband Sonny Bono; once recovered from her operations, she'll be around to make sure Gregg stays firmly back on the waggon. . .

KISS

According to usually reliable sources within the music industry, Kiss will be touring Australia early next year. This rumour seems to have a firmer base than previous Kiss tour buzzes, which have been starting and stopping since early *this* year.

However, if and when Kiss do get here, they won't be able to use their most expensive piece of stage equipment. In their enthusiasm to present maximum visual excitement, Kiss are supposed to have paid around ninety thousand dollars for their pride and joy—a machine that throws bolts of lightning. It was originally built in the 1930s for the original production of the *Phantom Of The Opera* film, and apparently, hasn't been used since. By the time it was restored to its former blazing glory, it had cost Kiss that ninety thousand.

But there are only two people in the world who can operate the machine—and neither of them like Kiss. Certainly not enough to go traipsing around the world with them, throwing lightning on cue.

So, until Kiss can find someone who can figure put how to work the thing it will have to be left in storage. And Kiss are stuck with a ninety thousand dollar, wonderful, useless toy. . .

The Roxy Club in London became one of the centres of new wave music late last year, packed to the rafters with pogoing loonies and spittle merchants. Some money minded recording person decided to take advantage of the atmosphere and make a live album; a full 24—track mobile recording unit was used, but very discreetly. So discreetly, in fact, that microphones were hidden in the foyer, the bars and even the toilets —anywhere, they said, "something relevant might be going on". Just in case one of the bands decided to set up in the bog. . .

Very atmospheric, sure. The resulting album has eight bands on it, some of whom have recorded and some who haven't. Slaughter and The Dogs, The Unwanted, Wire, The Adverts (they're the ones who made that tasteful single *Gary Gilmore's Eyes),* Johnny Moped, Eater, X—Ray Spex and Buzzcocks appear with songs like *Oh Bondage! Up Yours!* The album is on E.M.I.; just the thing if you're having Granny over for tea and want to get your inheritance quickly. . .

JAZZ

Normally, jazz isn't really RAM's cup of cocoa, but a competition with a thousand dollar first prize has drawn our beady gaze. It seems the New South Wales State Government, via the Premier's department, has provided the thousand dollars for the commissioning of an original jazz composition.

The piece has to be suitable for performance at a jazz festival and of three to six minutes duration. It sounds like the piece will need to be properly scored, because another of the requirements is that it can be played by a seventeen piece jazz orchestra. The selection panel includes various unnamed musical educators and distinguished musicians. The competition is open to N.S.W. residents only.

It looks like NSW Premier nifty Neville Wran might have a predilection for jazz, and a healthy wish to encourage its growth with hard cash. Now, if we can only get him interested in rock 'n' roll. . .

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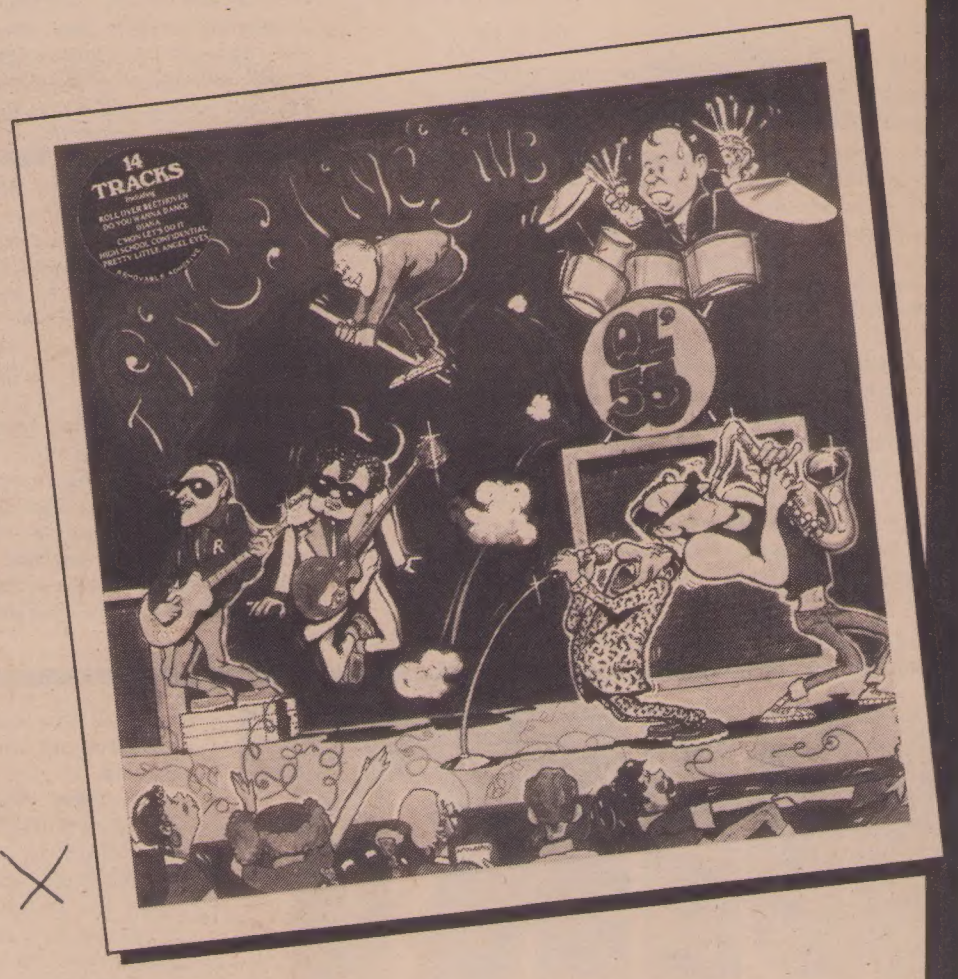

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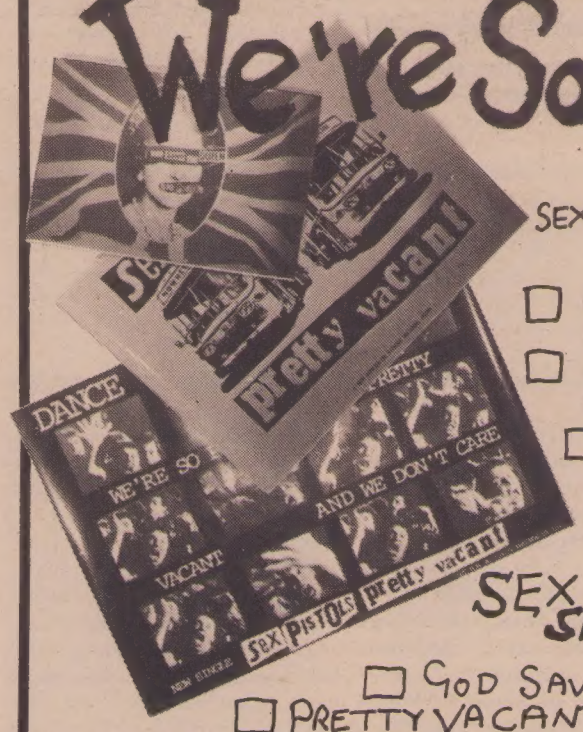

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The Prodigal Peter Allen Comes Home

Andrew McMillan, who won't believe that all pop music can be seen as prick teasing, isn't impressed.

Kings Cross is not really a part of Sydney. In fact it's not really a part of anything except the Australian conscience. The name of the game is *prick teasing* and Australians are dead suckers. The nation that made Abba, the nation that showered consistently high ratings on No. 96 and The Box, the nation that gave Peter Allen his first gold record; a nation of dead suckers for prick teasing.

Kings Cross is only about three hundred yards up William Street from the Boulevard hotel. Marshal Rosenburg hasn't been to Sydney before, so it's only natural that he chooses to check out the night-life. And all that entails is a three hundred yard walk up William Street.

A tall gangling creature, he lopes along the main drag past the strip joints, the junkies, the porn movie houses and the whores. "Ya wanna go?"

"Waddya thank ah aim? Some kinda hick?! Ahm from Noo Yark!"

Yeah man, Marshal is cool.

Marshal Rosenburg plays congas on stage with Peter Allen. He's also got a physics degree. When he arrived in Australia, the first thang Marshal did was to turn on a tap to see which direction the water took as it spun down the drain. True enough, the books were correct—it went down anti-clockwise.

Marshal Rosenburg glowed with satisfaction as he related the tale of that experiment to whoever was awake enough to listen at Peter Allen's Sydney press reception.

The invitation had specified *Breakfast With Peter Allen* at 8.15 a.m. As I ran down the street in search of a taxi at 8.10 I wondered just what *Breakfast With Peter Allen* entailed. Perhaps I had been invited to have breakfast in bed with him. Maybe he would be stretched out amongst the silk sheets reciting the caption from that Leunig cartoon—*Oh hii thar luv, when my gravy smiles at me I go to Rio.* Or maybe he would . . .no. It was too early in the morning to think. So I asked the cab driver what he thought of Peter Allen. "Oh he velly velly goot! I see him on de television and de velly next day I go out and buy his record. Mmm He velly velly goot!" The driver then went on to tell me about how he'd phoned three television stations at 3.00 a.m. to report an accident. But none of the stations seemed interested in filming the wreckage before the bodies were dragged from beneath the semi trailer. Mmmm. Still too early in the morning to contemplate such a fusion of thoughts.

The foyer on the twenty fifth floor of the Boulevard was decorated with a flashing red *Rio* sign. Inside, palm trees graced the floor, Rio punch was served with champagne and orange juice, media personalities waltzed around in the latest outfits from some place I can't afford to go near and charming waiters in red jackets repeated the words *Sir* and *Excuse me* like cracked gramophone records.

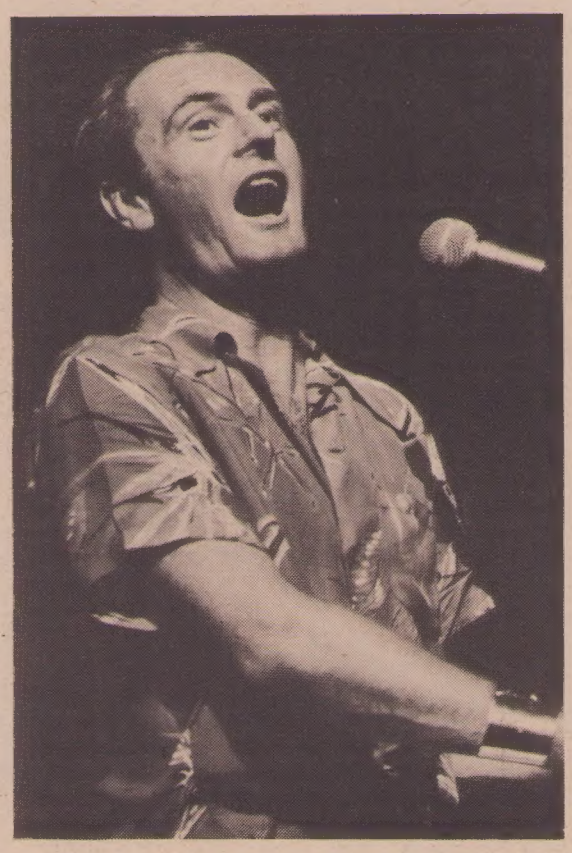
Peter Allen was surrounded by record company execs and limp wristed dears, his thinning hair cut higher on the right side than the left. With a green and yellow cut out plastic Rio badge on the right lapel of his cream double breasted suit and a gold and silver metal one on the left, his grey blue eyes flashed as he bobbed up and down and up and. . . On his toes, wide awake . . . very.

Someone from his record company made the obligatory, congratulatory, hunky bloody dory speech during which he hyped up the promoter and mentioned the word *SUPERSTAR!!!* at least once in every sentence. Peter Allen grinned the cheesiest grin possible and bobbed up and down and up and . . .with his first gold album whilst thanking everybody for their support.

Support? Are we really Guilty As Charged? Is it all our fault? Yes, I'm afraid so. "I left Australia to go to America," he grins. "Australians have been the first ones to give me a hit record."

His last album was called *Continental American* and his voice is tinged with some Californian accent; hardly yer average *owryagoinmiteorrite* nasal drawl. "I *always* feel like an Australian. It's wonderful to come back and be liked in your own country. Like the last time I performed here I did one concert in Sydney with Helen Reddy and ah, they loved me then too. The audience was terrific to me then and the audiences so far have been incredible too."

Admittedly, he is pulling large crowds. His Australian visit is the first extensive tour that he's done with this band and they've attracted larger audiences than usual. According to guitar player John Guth "Over the past year we've been doing clubs in various places. Anything from small clubs that hold a hundred people to the big places like the Bottom Line that holds four hundred or something like that. It's a big club. But this is the first real tour that we've done."



Success on the stength of one hit record. So how did Peter Allen find out about *Rio's* success here? "Well I was on tour so I started to get the news that *I Go To Rio* was ah. . . going to be a hit. And then Ian Meldrum called me one night and said *Hello Peter Allen, You're on the air and this is Countdown and it's number ONE.* And I said *ohh my God.* I couldn't believe it.

Put it down to culture shock if you dare. But a shock it is, to slouch into the foyer of the plush Regent Theatre when Peter Allen has been billed for the first of four sold out Sydney performances. Confronted, surrounded, hemmed in by trendieeees, film starlets, drag queens, honky tonks, clerks and every other facet of society I've tried to avoid. *(Jeez, what a mysoginist. You're downright bigoted, McMillan—ed.)*

The initial impression was too much, so we headed for the bar and a few stiff scotches.

Inside, the stage was decorated with palm trees and a polished Yamaha piano as the members of Allen's band took up their respective positions.

The music started to wild applause, Peter Allen strutted across the stage with a bouquet of flowers that he unceremoniously dumped on the piano.

In a white suit he sat astride the stool and ripped into the first number. Spotlights hit the glitter sprinkled around his eyes as he rode the stool like a horse, simultaneously drowning everything else out with the crashing sounds from his piano.

Jumping up, he pranced about like a stripper and the audience applauded every movement. He was in full control.

"I'm really a serious songwriter—like John Denver," he stated, and no-one knew whether that's supposed to be a joke or not. "When we get bored with the serious stuff, we'll go back to the trash," he said before moving into a few songs that were co-written with Carole Bayer Sager. At the end of each number Allen jumped up and bowed, posing beside the piano and tearing his coat off. Fans go wild and the truth hurts. I saw a similar situation at a Billy Joel concert in Brisbane last year—but then it was an obvious derivative jest cos *his* serious songs *were* serious. But Peter Allen has been playing the nightclubs in the States for a bit too long and the whole act is just so ham fisted and corny it's beyond redemption.

John Guth's guitar hung high on his chest as the New Yorker squinted through thick glasses at the score sheets.

Allen, who's about as graceful in his movements as a snake on glass, got a singalong happening. "I mean, I could bomb here and Las Vegas would never know." He rubbished Helen Reddy, who kicked him off her tour here for grabbing too much attention but the audience was just so far into the whole trip that it didn't matter.

He then moved on to a song that he wrote for Olivia Newton John, who took it to the top of the charts. It's *I Honestly Love You,* a song that I'm quite fond of, but he killed it. But it didn't matter; he posed at the piano just the same. "You're throwing my timing out," he said. "I've never had to bow *that* long before."

The songs kept coming and so did the crowd as Allen bowed with his hands on his hips, squinting into the spotlights. Wearing a floral shirt knotted at the waist and a silver band on his wrist, the sweat dripped from his face as he moved into *Tenterfield Saddler.*

I Go To Rio followed as a backdrop screen of the Rio skyline glided into view. Tearing off the shirt he revealed a black mesh singlet and a pair of fans run to the foot of the stage. Allen bounced across the stage with a Rio fan (bamboo, not human) in his hand, shaking castanets and blowing a whistle before disappearing behind the curtains. The band kept playing to the foot stomping applause.

Within thirty seconds the *superstar* was back, with a pineapple in each hand and a new pair of tight black pants. Streamers were thrown from the balcony and Peter Allen threw one back—but it dropped to the floor at his feet.

He left the stage again; only to return wearing a new black silk coat. Picking up a can of *beer* he yelled "That's me all over—a *real ocker!*"

The highlight of the set was *Quiet Please,* a number that he penned for Judy Garland. The stage was dim, the audience quiet for the first time all evening and one line rings through: *The audience was playing for me.*

After another exit he returned for a song that develops once again into *I Go To Rio* before leaving the stage for the final time.

He's right though; *The audience was playing for me.*

Chartz

• Denotes Bullet Performer.

OZ SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
2	(3)	DON'T FALL IN LOVE	Ferretts (Mushroom)
3	(4)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
4	(2)	I GO TO RIO	Peter Allen (A&M)
5	(12)	•I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb (Interfusion)
6	(5)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)
8	(9)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)
9	(6)	RIO	Michael Nesmith (Island)
10	(15)	•WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)
11	(7)	WHAT I DID FOR LOVE	Marcia Hines (Miracle)
12	(11)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (U.A.)
13	(16)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor (CBS)
14	(10)	YOU'VE GOTTA GET UP AND DANCE	Supercharge (Virgin)
15	(14)	WHAT CAN I SAY/LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)
16	(13)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day (Atlantic)
17	(18)	A FOOL IN LOVE	Jeff St. John (Asylum)
18	(19)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann (20th Century)
19	(26)	•HIGHER AND HIGHER	Rita Coolidge (A&M)
20	(17)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston (Motown)
21	(21)	LOST IN FRANCE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
22	(25)	OLD SCHOOL YARD	Cat Stevens (Island)
23	(24)	DR. LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)
24	(–)	•HARD ROCK CAFE	Dr. Hook (Capitol)
25	(20)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)
26	(–)	•IT'S ALL OVER NOW BABY BLUE	Graham Bonnet (Mercury)
27	(22)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A&M)
28	(23)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE	Smokie (Rak)
29	(–)	FUNKY FEET	The Studs (Wizard)
30	(30)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT	Rod Stewart (W.B.)

OZ ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)
2	(2)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (United Artists)
3	(4)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	(3)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	(5)	CAROLE BAYER SAGER	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
6	(7)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
7	(6)	WORKS	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)
8	(8)	LADIES AND GENTLEMEN	Marcia Hines (Miracle)
9	(9)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
10	(12)	I ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
11	(14)	J.T.	James Taylor (CBS)
12	(15)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10cc (Mercury)
13	(10)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A&M)
15	(11)	DIAMANTINA COCKTAIL	Little River Band (EMI)
16	(13)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
17	(16)	CSN	Crosby Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
18	(21)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	The Doobie Brothers (Warner Bros)
19	(18)	HERE AT LAST...BEE GEES...LIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)
20	(–)	•SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
21	(19)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)
22	(27)	•DIZRYTHMIA	Split Enz (Mushroom)
23	(26)	STUFFED	Mother Goose (Mushroom)
24	(–)	•MAKIN' LOVE AND MUSIC	Dr. Hook (Capitol)
25	(24)	SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King (Capitol)
26	(25)	FIVE TIMES THE SUN	The Dingoes (A&M)
27	(28)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)
28	(–)	ANYTIME...ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A&M)
29	(20)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)
30	(–)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart (Portrait)

U.K. SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(3)	OXYGENE	Jean-Michel Jarre
2	(2)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley
3	(4)	SILVER LADY	David Soul
4	(1)	MAGIC FLY	Space
5	(5)	DOWN DEEP INSIDE	Donna Summer
6	(18)	•BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
7	(6)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson
8	(10)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
9	(17)	•LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE	Boomtown Rats
10	(8)	FLOAT ON	Floaters
11	(6)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton
12	(20)	•SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN	Elkie Brooks
13	(11)	TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band

14	(26)	•BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
15	(23)	•DREAMER	Jacksons
16	(28)	•FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.	Patsy Gallant
17	(14)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man
18	(13)	•THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams
19	(9)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods
20	(15)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy
21	(21)	I CAN'T GET YOU OUTA MY MIND	Yvonne Elliman
22	(–)	•WONDROUS STORIES	Yes
23	(29)	•BLACK IS BLACK	La Belle Epoque
24	(–)	•THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer
25	(–)	•THE CRUNCH	Rah Band
26	(–)	•I REMEMBER ELVIS PRESLEY	Danny Mirror
27	(19)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink DeVille
28	(–)	ANOTHER STAR	Stevie Wonder
29	(24)	I THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU	Dooleys
30	(–)	YOUR GENERATION	Generation X

U.K. ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	OXYGENE	Jean-Michel Jarre
2	(2)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
3	(9)	•20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross and the Supremes
4	(6)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
5	(3)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack
6	(4)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis
7	(5)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
8	(8)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer
9	(11)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
10	(10)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley
11	(7)	ELVIS' 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley
12	(15)	EXODUS	Bob Marley and the Wailers,
	(17)	•THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	
	(20)	•THE FLOATERS	
15	(14)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists
16	(16)	G.I. BLUES	Elvis Presley
17	(12)	STRANGLERS IV (RATTUS NORVEGICUS)	Stranglers
18	(13)	ARRIVAL	Abba
19	(–)	•SHOW SOME EMOTION	Joan Armatrading
20	(18)	THE BEST OF ROD STEWART	
21	(19)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond
	(–)	•GONE TO EARTH	Barclay James Harvest
23	(22)	MAGIC FLY	Space
24	(–)	•LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M
25	(26)	ELVIS IN DEMAND	Elvis Presley
26	(22)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello
27	(–)	•ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS VOL. 1	Elvis Presley
28	(–)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
29	(–)	THAT'S THE WAY IT IS	Elvis Presley
30	(28)	PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE	David Soul
	(–)	MINK DeVILLE	

Two titles tied for 21st and 30th position, three titles tied for 12th.

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(7)	•STAR WARS THEME	Meco
2	(1)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
3	(3)	FLOAT ON	Floaters
4	(5)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
5	(6)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
6	(12)	•KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K.C. and the Sunshine Band
7	(14)	•NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
8	(9)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
9	(10)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	Sanford-Townsend Band
10	(11)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
11	(8)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
12	(13)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
13	(2)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
14	(17)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
15	(16)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B.J. Thomas
16	(4)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
17	(20)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
18	(19)	JUNGLE LOVE	Steve Miller Band
19	(21)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
20	(24)	•SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED	Peter Frampton
21	(15)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
22	(26)	•CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
23	(28)	•IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A SONG	Ronnie Milsap
24	(18)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
25	(–)	•YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone
26	(–)	•WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley
27	(–)	HEAVEN IS ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR	Paul Nicholas
28	(–)	SHE DID IT	Eric Carmen
29	(–)	THE KING IS GONE	Ronnie McDowell

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	STAR WARS	Soundtrack
3	(10)	•SHAUN CASSIDY	
4	(4)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
5	(9)	•FOREIGNER	
6	(6)	REJOICE	Emotions
7	(8)	ANYTIME...ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
8	(12)	•I ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project
9	(5)	JT	James Taylor
10	(3)	CSN	Crosby, Stills and Nash
11	(11)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
12	(13)	'FLOATERS	
13	(30)	•LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	Doobie Brothers
14	(18)	•HERE AT LAST...BEE GEES...LIVE	
15	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
16	(17)	TERRAPIN STATION	Grateful Dead
17	(20)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
18	(14)	STEVE WINWOOD	
19	(24)	•THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx

20	(–)	•SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
21	(22)	COMMODORES	
22	(23)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
23	(15)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
24	(16)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
25	(26)	LUNA SEA	Firefall
26	(28)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
27	(–)	•FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb
28	(–)	LIGHTS OUT	UFO
29	(–)	STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK	Meco
30	(–)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band

Charts courtesy Kent Music.

The Doobie Brothers Livin' On The Fault Line

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GRAFFITI

Manning Keays

In the midst of stale chips and half full glasses that littered the hotel room, Phil Manning listened to a tape of that night's gig with John Paul Young And The All Stars.

Perhaps it wasn't as satisfying as his days with Chain and the Band Of Talabene, or the stint with his own band, but the guitarist admitted that being an All Star meant a steady gig and money in the pocket. And as the taped screams of five thousand teenagers subsided into an intro by Warren Morgan, Phil mentioned that he might be getting something together with the *Boy From The Stars* Jim Keays.

That was a few months ago now, and Manning has indeed severed the regular pay packet to team up with the former Masters Apprentice.

Last year Keays took a few demo tapes of songs, co-written with Phil, to the States. The initial reactions were promising but they were, after all, just demo tapes.

At the same time, interest was being shown in Phil from other parts of the globe and it was suggested that the pair team up.

Five months were spent negotiating a recording contract before the pair entered Melbourne's TCS studios with a selected group of musicians for eight weeks of solid rehearsal.

Two of the guys in the band, Peter Kuttche (who temporarily filled in for Greg Macainsh during Skyhooks' New Zealand tour last year) and keyboards player Andrew Kaye, were brought in from New Zealand. The other members of the band are twenty year old drummer Robert Ross and former Freeway keyboards player John Grant.

With the rehearsals behind them, the band commenced work on their debut album *Manning Keays* which is due to be released in October. Produced by David Hitchcock, the album contains sixteen tracks and is reported to be a little more uptempo than Keays' solo album of '74 *Boy From The Stars.*

Hitchcock has previously worked with Genesis, Camel and Caravan. He will be returning to England soon to cut the album at the Trident studios.

Manning Keays will commence touring this month with a one and a half hour set that includes a couple of the old Masters Apprentices numbers, the title track from Keays' solo lp and the old Chain hit *Black And Blue* as well as material from the band's new album.

Andrew McMillan.

Chrysalis emerges at Festival

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee. Chrysalis-butterfly. Geddit?

The British record company Chrysalis has joined forces in Australia with the home grown label Festival. By way of introduction, the media bums were invited along to hear a speech or two and see what's known as an audio-visual (video cassettes in colour tellys) presentation of Chrysalis' fifteen fave acts, the ones they've chosen for world domination over the next year or so.

It was all on the theme of Muhammed Ali, Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, see, with scantily clad lassies for trimming. All done in a boxing ring with an Ali look-alike bounding around in the background looking foolish as the acts were presented by a referee person. He introduced whoever it was as "Round one–blah blah blah" and one of the females would appear holding a card with the name on it. Then you saw a film clip of the *artists.* As the saga progressed through fifteen rounds of wildly varying acts, the card holders' clothes seemed to disappear until they were throwing punches bare breasted, an amusing sight–the tit wobble as they drew back for a right cross to the camera *said something* about the recording industry. God knows what. . .

The acts went from UFO in round one (the band whose guitarist disappeared a while back, but turned up again after a month or so to join them on their American tour) to David Dundas. And that, I assure you, is quite a leap. Leo Sayer and Generation X. From wandering lonely as a Leo Sayer along a pebble beach to getting gobbed on in the Marquee Club. Gee, they really *do* spit on new wave bands; it's supposed to be a sign of approval, but as far as Generation X were concerned, I think the spit shower had another motivation. Although the impressively moronic punk audience was pogo-ing away with their eyes rolled back in their heads like mad, which I guess means they were quite happy.

Racing Cars were melodic and charming, professional and low key with a very nice song called *Weekend Rendezvous,* title track of their new album. Stills of Robin Trower and band accompanied *In City Dreams,* typical Trowerizing; the stills emphasised Mr. Trower's unfortunate facial features. Phillip Goodhand-Tait played piano and sang his own song *Teaching An Old Dog New Tricks,* accompanied by lush strings and a yawning cocker spaniel. There was a plethora of Jethro Tull in his codpiece, old rocker and country squire manifestations to accompany his new compilation album. A shot from the back of the stage emphasised just how sick Tull's drummer must be of gazing at Ian Anderson's arse in tights. The Babys were Bad Co. style boring; wouldn't it be nice if singers (and Frankie Miller is included in this plea) would do something else with their microphones apart from holding the stand horizontally at stiff arm's length, while they stomp around and throw their heads back? Split Enz did their stuff you've already seen on T.V. with *My Mistake,* and came up well in comparison to their companion bands. Rory Gallagher played something from his new album *Calling Card,* and he was very exciting, devoid of flash stage clothes, flash pots or flash anything except his habitual check shirt and enthusiasm, and amazing battered, chipped paint guitar. Blonde On Blonde. . . well, they are blonde, there's two of them, they look great; if they hadn't botched lip-synching their breathy *Subway* disco single, which sounds like the vocals are overdubbed about fourteen times, or tried to dance and displayed about as much sense of rhythm as two chairs, they'd be OK. A very skinny chap in a very baggy white suit mimed his very forgettable single which is multi voice-tracked in very high voices, presumably his own; his name, I believe, is Nick Gilder. Gentle Giant appeared in stills with what the man in the boxing ring said was their most commercial song yet, a very uncommercial Olde English sounding song, *Turning Around.* Still, they do have a bald drummer with glasses. . .

And that's what Chrysalis plans to knock the world out with. Plus Blondie, a very recently acquired addition bought from the Private Stock label for a six-figure sum. Then it was question time. We learnt that Blondie should be here before this year is out, Rory Gallagher loves the place and wants to come back as soon as possible, Leo Sayer fell off a stage in America a month ago and got shaken up, but he'll probably be back (calm down granny) early next year. It's nice to have all these people freely available, and it was a nice bit of telly (except for the boxing tits). Ian Anderson had to leave early because he and his wife had to go and buy some boomerangs. I wonder what those pogo-ers do to summon up so much spit?. . .

Annie Burton

FLASHEZ, POPS, AND FAREWELL

Last issue, Simon Davies told tales on Flashez from the inside. From the outskirts of the inside, anyway. As RAM went to press, the news dribbled out that Flashez' life expectation had been drastically shortened; in fact, it only had three months to live. The ABC is removing it from its 5.30 or any other time slot, replacing it with a programme aimed at younger kids, the eight to twelve year olds. They don't really know much about the new programme except that it will have a much more formal approach, just busting with educational goodies. In other words, it will be straight –no pop stars, no albums, and above all, no rock music. Apart from, I imagine, anonymous ditties from the sound library to fill out the soundtracks of all that nice clean educative stuff.

Mike Meade says the programme had already suffered at the hands of the people he calls the *ABC heavies.* At the start of this year's shows, Flashez' assorted producers, directors, makers in general on-camera and off, were told there was too much rock music in the thing; they were conflicting with Countdown. "The heavies couldn't and still can't understand the difference between the music we play and what Countdown plays. It's all pop music to them, full stop. We got hauled over the coals for last year's show having too much music, and eventually we were allowed only ten minutes of rock. And we had to fight for *that.* Ten minutes is about two and a bit film clips." The ABC also objected to those white messages about imminent tours and such that doodled along the bottom of the screen –that was *advertising* they said, the dirtiest word in the ABC book; the Flashez people thought it was community information. They took exception to the monthly competitions with record swags as prizes; *that* was advertising too.

Ray Burgess wanted to leave, but his manager arranged for him to stay only if he handled all the rock stuff they could get away with; that left Mike with the interviews in the street (until Anne Stone came along to do the Vox Pops bit finding out what young people were thinking, and her Rip Off section, in which she investigates how you're being conned by merchandisers. You may remember Anne from the long ago Target programme as a most adept interviewer). Mike also had to handle film stories and the other stuff that could be considered informative.

Now, surely *informative* equals *educational,* especially couched in a moderately hip, attractive setting, luring audiences with strictly non-Top 40 rock. Besides, Flashez drew higher ratings than any other programme in that time slot. But this factor seems to mean little to old Auntie ABC; "When we pointed out the ratings, the heavies said, 'We don't care if the new show doesn't rate, we don't care if nobody watches it.' We can't fight that," says Mike Meade, who seems resigned. "Flashez in its present form–a magazine programme with music content–isn't only watched by fourteen year old girls; housewives, grandmas, almost anyone watches it. We've got a very large following–but they've slowly been pulling it to pieces. The ABC has never put any promo money into Flashez; any promotion that's come out of it are things the publicity department could get away with, and the rest out of our own production budget. That's why we had to sell those Flashez t-shirts–just to cover costs, not make money."

Apart from the Educational thing, the ABC has started its Country Roads show at 6 o'clock. It's a grab-bag of film clips loosely termed 'country'–anything from Slim Dusty and the Grand Old Opry to Poco and Linda Ronstadt. Who can they be aiming for? Truck drivers waiting for their tea? Its ratings from Queensland on the first day it was shown were similar to Flashez', but have gone down hill since. And Country Road has been given, for the ABC, very heavy promotion. "I honestly think we've helped broaden our audience's musical taste." says Mike, earnest, sincere and slightly embarassed because I'd caught him wearing a RAM t-shirt. "When we started, 90% of the requests were for Sherbet; now that we've gone older, those same kids are asking for wider, better stuff they wouldn't have known about otherwise. I think we've been responsible for shows like Right On becoming possible, and maybe even Night Moves. The good thing about Flashez is exactly the opposite to what the heavies think–*because* we're non-commercial we can put on anything we like. Even Countdown, I think we've helped them broaden; but they thought we were encroaching on their territory, which is why we weren't allowed to play anything Top 40. Not that we wanted to. . ."

Mike thinks Flashez never was a threat to Countdown, and between them, they had the TV rock and pop music scene sewn up, Countdown drawing a one to two million audience and Flashez with its similar weekly rating. Mike, in fact, was offered a job on Countdown, doing the leg work the chinless Phil does now. "But I liked my job on Flashez better, and I liked what it was trying to do."

Mike Meade's own career is in a state of flux. From floor manager at a commercial channel, he went on to dancing in the short lived *Sergeant Pepper's* stage show; then he stood in as the interviewee for people auditioning for the Flashez compere job, occasionally making hand appearances with his engagingly silly dragon puppet. When the auditions were over, he was asked if *he'd* like to be Flashez' second compere, an offer he couldn't refuse.

"I'd never had any ambitions to be a compere, it happened accidentally. I'll have a go at anything–once. That was my attitude when I went to Flashez. Having worked in television (in Perth as well as Sydney) and been around rock 'n' roll people for a while, there was no magic in it for me. I only tried to be honest–I just couldn't play the part of a T.V. compere." It's quite true; his manner on camera is exactly the same as his normal behaviour, slightly nervous, occasionally witty, honest, appearing to be an eggroll to some but charming to others. Himself, in other words. "That was why it worked. The contrast between Ray and me–it was his career while I was just enjoying myself."

He was told about being dropped only three weeks ago. "Naturally it was a shock, but because of the heavies' attitude this year I wasn't all that surprised; anyway, in a year, five days a week, it would have worn thin." Mike has had multiple offers, one to do a re-vamped Bandstand that didn't materialise, another to stay on and do the educational show. He's putting out a three-track single soon, singing two of his own pleasant songs and another by Vanda and Young. Rick Formosa, once of the Little River Band, will be producing it. "There's been all sorts of delays, mostly because I'm so hopelessly disorganised. I really need a manager. Whatever, we'll do the songs on Flashez and see if any record company's interested."

Whatever happens, Meade will go with the flow. When Flashez finishes on December 2nd, he'll be as sorry as anybody else. But it sounds like he gave up bashing his head against the ABC's brick walls a long time ago.

Annie Burton.

BORING OLD FARTS STRIKE BACK

Pete Townshend was tired of being puppetmaster of The Who, dragging himself out on tours when he'd rather stay home tending his wife and children. Ronnie Laine, an old Townshend drinking mate, had failed to find a musical direction since leaving the Faces in 1973.

"Hope I die before I get old," an angrier and younger Townshend once wrote. Instead of dying, Townshend has joined fellow over—30 Ronnie Laine to cut an album of far gentler music than The Who would ever record, *Rough Mix*. But it's nowhere near the end for The Who—it's really a new beginning, as Townshend explains here, with asides from Laine, in an interview from London with *Bart Mills*.

Q: It's been nearly two years since the last Who album. Why are you working with Ronnie Laine instead?

Townshend: If I was a Who fan I'd ask why is Townshend working with Laine. Looking back, I supposed it would have been just as easy for me to have rung up Roger Daltrey and arranged to have done an album with him. Or even rallied The Who for some demos or something. I mean, we *are* a band. But I was eager to do something in the studio with Glyn Johns our producer without the heavy pressure of a Who gig. The last Who album I barely wrote enough songs. *The Who by Numbers* had no leftover songs at all. I'd stopped dead.

So when Ronnie came to me the end of last year and asked me to produce his next album I said I'd rather do a joint album. I wanted to do something with Ronnie, as I knew he would stir me up from my veritable complacency. I felt sure my writing, and ultimately The Who, would benefit.

Lane: Working with "never say no" Townshend got me off my ass. It got me out of the pub. We got Eric Clapton and Charlie Watts of the Rolling Stones to play with us. I may go out on tour with Clapton next year.

Q: Did you both write all new songs for Rough Mix?

Townshend: One each. Ronnie had an album of his own stuff half-finished. And I had a few songs of my own knocking about. The only specially written songs are *Annie* by him and *Street in the City* by me.

It got me out of my rut. After we finished the album I started to write again. I ended up with about 40 songs. They're scheduled for the next Who thing.

Q: What is the next Who thing?

Townshend: We're supposed to go into the studio a week Monday. But I don't know whether it will happen or not. At the moment I'm really keen on trying to steer The Who in the direction of doing grandiose projects of some sort. I feel I want to do something like a film or a musical or a heavy concept album. I feel confident I could go on to a bigger thing.

It would be easy pickings to stick out an album—"a hard-edged rock album"—which would sell a couple of million in the States, and then we'd bring the money in through some tax dodge. I prefer to make a film, to be quite frank, despite the fact that me hair fell out when we did the last one (*Tommy*). The group has the potential at the moment, which it might not have in a couple of years, to raise finance to do a big project. In two or three years The Who might not be able to drum up a couple of million quid to make a film. Now we could, so we might as well have a go.

Roger wants to do it too. I think Roger was a bit shaken up when his solo album (*One Of The Boys*) didn't sell as well as he thought it would. I agreed with the criticisms, that he should definitely give up. (laughs). You know, join a group or something.

Q: Right—do your fans really need another boring Who album?

Townshend: I think the album I've just done is the first definitive *Boring Old Fart* album. It's the dawn of the music of the Boring Old Farts. Actually, Roger was a bit shaken up when his album came out and people called *him* a Boring Old Fart. You've got to say a lot more to hurt me, but Roger does believe in eternal youth—he's said so to me many times. I've said I feel too old to go stand on a stage and sing *My Generation.* His attitude is you're only as old as you feel. That's a good argument, but whether it fits in rock 'n' roll, I don't know.

Laine: I remember when I was touring in the States with the Faces, we went to New Orleans. We wandered into the back of one of those bars and saw this old black geezer playing, and obviously having a good time playing. If you can end up at that age with your false teeth in a glass of water on the top of the piano, still having a good stomp and enjoying your music—all the rest of it doesn't mean a thing.

Townshend: Rock is music about the young, the adolescents. But I'm not giving up. Let them try and stop me. *Let them try.*

Laine: You've got to understand we're at a very difficult age.

Townshend: Yeah, we've got problems now. We're going through hell (*laughs*). We're feeling alienated. We feel our parents don't want us. Our children won't let us in the door. We've got problems. (*Puts on old-age-pensioner accent:*) These young people today, it's all right for them.

Laine: Making all that money.

Townshend: Getting their faces in the bloody papers. But us—nobody wants us. We're the problem generation,we are. Struggling to make ends meet. . .

Not to be overly clever about it, though, let's face it, the old rock Establishment has really had it too long.

Laine: All these young fellows coming up now, they call us Boring Old Farts. They're well overdue. I've been expecting it for four years, and I've always said I'd like to see some new blood. Now that it's here, I can't say I find much of it very attractive, but at least something's happening. They call us Boring Old Farts, and maybe that suits us. But time passes, and it'll happen to them. They'll become Boring Old Farts.

Townshend: (in sports commentator accent) And the young wildebeest comes across the old wildebeest's territory. The old one, scarred from previous battles, runs out to meet his new adversary. With his many wives behind him, he lowers his horns for the battle. They grapple—will this be the old wildebeest's last run?

When is someone going to take this flag I'm holding? It's too heavy. I can't hold it up any more.

Now they're here, the punks, with their big gobs and sharp pencils. Good luck.

Q: Didn't you write a letter to a newspaper recently complaining about punk rock?

Townshend: I did write a letter. I had a lot of people dressed up in waste paper bags who said to me, "That's pretty rude coming from you, Townshend." I wrote the letter because I kept reading about the Sex Pistols. All it needed was Johnny Rotten to open his flash mouth and they'd print it on the front page. I thought perhaps it would be good for me as the Godfather of mainstream rock 'n' roll to remind them that music does play some small part in the picture. I'm not afraid to be thought a Boring Old Fart. I've been a Boring Old Fart longer than anyone else.

Q: What do you think of the way some of the new groups copy old groups like The Who?

Townshend: They're obviously lacking in new ideas. The New Wave seems to be very much one-pointed. All it seems to need is energy. So the old ideas are perfectly usable. It's not new to bang your head against the wall until it bleeds. It was probably discovered by someone a long time ago. Why should they bother with new ideas? I never did. I never thought about inventing three-bar blues. It was just there when I started and I used it.

In 1964 when you put a group together, half of the thought went into the music and the other half went into what you looked like. The Who were grooved to the pop art image, the Mod revolution, whatever that means. The Rolling Stones were scraggy beatniks who pissed against walls. The Beatles were moptops. Everybody had a specific image. There were dozens of different sorts of music.

I think a lot of the new bands are great. The Jam are amazing. I've never seen them live. But they may never have seen us live either. Their record is incredible. It's terribly produced. But so was The Who's first record. I think the early Who records sounded bloody dreadful. You couldn't hear the words. I think it's great that a lot of the new music is like Who music.

At least I didn't lumber myself with a name like Rat Scabies. Can you imagine Mr. and Mrs. Scabies and all the little Scabies? This is my great vision: There's this geezer with a lavatory chain around his neck and his knees joined together with a piece of metal. Across the room, through the shower of spit and slog and people jumping up and down cracking their skulls on the girders, he sees Miss Punk, the Ideal Punk. His little punk hear flutters. That's it. He goes out and buys some smart furniture and gets a mortgage. It's all over.

You can throw off some of the old values, the trappings. But you get trapped back in the end. I've been a really messed-up individual for a big part of my life, even though it might not look it. I've got this spiritual interest in Meher Baba (the Indian guru whose teachings Townshend follows). A lot of this building we're in right now is dedicated to him. I've been interested in Meher Baba since 1967. I haven't had a particularly stormy drug life. I have made experiments with drugs in the early years but I survived. The band's been very successful. We've made a lot of money. I'm happily married.

But I still have been very messed up nevertheless. It's only now that I'm sitting back. It's age somehow that is bringing relaxation into my life. And friendship. It takes a lot of lonely hours in Holiday Inns to realise that one real friend is worth any amount of adulation. You spend an hour on a stage, and they call that the magic of show business. Which is not magic at all. It's no mystery—you just come off with a fat wallet. Instead of that, this new album is about music and friendship.

Are we really making the fans happy? Every time we go into a town we get complaints we're not playing long enough. If we play at a big stadium we get complaints it's too big and they can't see us. The only answer is to play in small halls for years at a time. I've got other things to do. I've really got to try and live the life of a nine-to-five individual.

Bart Mills

ROCK'S CLOSED DOOR

The Gestation Period of the Elephant is 2 Years; For Rock Stars it's a Lot longer.

Perhaps the most notably important feature of 1963's 'Beatleboom' was an almost total absence of any musician *hierarchy*, except that which had been instantly elevated.

The upheaval of the music business extended far beyond the charts; it reached into the upper echelons of record companies, publishing houses, radio stations and trade journals. All of which were forced to completely alter their executive and staff structure, in order to even begin to fathom these new cultural phenomena.

The thousand-and-one Mersey groups, the new breed of young pop managers (Epstein, Oldham etc etc), the emergance of defiant pirate radio stations in England . . . all set the pace for a musical climate whereby *anybody* could become a star or lead a movement. No particular criteria of background or contacts limited the potential of any young fellow with drive and imagination. In essence, the *established order* had been thrown out the window.

This sort of cleansing process enjoyed singular bloom; it has never been repeated since nor is it likely to do so in the future. What it did result in, by 1967, was the foundation of a rock-granite pop system which could never be crumbled again by impetuous rock 'n' rollers, and an unstated but inescapeable apprenticeship period for rock stars. The system decides when you make it and for how long, then moves you over to make way for the next candidate.

Far fetched? Not really. Since the midpoint of the seventies, innumerable rock scribes have pontificated over the control of the old guard in the present superstar league and observed that there is nary a constant character who has/have not been steadily slogging away for at least ten and often fifteen, long years. Think about it . . . Fleetwood Mac, Bee Gees, Boz Scaggs, Steve Miller, Jefferson Starship, Peter Frampton, Led Zeppelin, Bad Company, The Eagles, Paul McCartney, Pink Floyd, ELO, Rod Stewart, Elton john, Carole King, Status Quo, David Bowie, Bob Seger, Neil Young — get the point?

These are all *old codgers,* many in their thirties — a long cry from the fresh faced 20 year old George Harrisons and Brian Wilsons. Is any other explanation needed for the highly predictable nature of rock in 1977? For the almost complete lack of youthful enthusiasm and dynamism in chart hits? For the explosion of new wave and punk groups? (But even the latter offers no ecouraging promise of change, so powerful is the new established order).

Australia has managed to escape this stifling process to some degree, as evidenced by the occasional groundshaking rise of relative newcomers, like Skyhooks (still not exactly teenagers).

While not wanting to shatter the blissful ignorance of our younger readers who honestly believe that today's Oz rock stars were discovered under a cabbage a scant few weeks before their first hit, it is a useful exercise to examine the track records of our prominent pop premiers.

SHERBERT are approaching their eighth year and the careers of individual members stretch back another three or four. Daryl spent the later sixties in the ranks of House of Bricks and Samael Lilith, Tony in Wheelbarrow and Sabbath. *JOHN PAUL YOUNG* emerged around 1971 in Sydney's long-forgotten Elmtree and slaved thru years of stage shows (Superstar, Ned Kelly) before stumbling across the right contacts. *AC/DC* have in Bon Scott a singer with a good decade of experience, beginning with Perth's Valentines in 1966. *THE LITTLE RIVER BAND* is almost a home for geriatrics, with Glenn Shorrock making his way out of Adelaide with the Twilights in 1965 and Beeb Birtles doing the same with the Zoot a few years later. *THE ALL STARS* are almost Australian rock history capsulised. Phil Manning has been in more than ten notable bands since 1964 (including Bay City Union, Chain Friends, Band of Talabene), Johnny Dick arrived from New Zealand twelve years ago with Max Merritt & the Meteors (and has since played with such acts as the Aztecs, In Focus, Fanny Adams and the Wild Cherries), Ron Peel (Rockwell T. James) played on a number one New Zealand hit with The Pleazers in 1966 (and later played with the Missing Links, Rythmn Aces, Thunderclap Newman, One Ton Gypsy and others) and Warren 'Pig' Morgan can be traced back to Perth's Beaten Tracks in 1968 (and later the Aztecs and Pilgrimage). *JON ENGLISH* and Mario of WINDCHASE were together in 1970's Sebastian Hardy Blues Band. *KEVIN BORICH* was a stalwart member of New Zealand's La De Das the mid sixties. *TMG's* Les Hall and Herm Kovacs were active in Newcastle groups (notably Velvet Underground) from 1967. *CHARIOT's* guitarist Dennis Wilson was an original 1964 Beatleboom victim with associations like The Riddles, Kevin Bible and the Book, Powerpact, Mecca and Khavas Jute. *THE FERRETS* house Rick Brewer (ex Zoot 1968) and Ken Firth (ex Tully 1970). *PUNKZ* are fronted by rhythmn guitarist Robin Jackson who played in England (occasionally with Peter Frmpton) in Bus Stop before forming the original Hush in 1972. *AIR SUPPLY's* Russell Hitchcock once played with *Oz* film director Chris Lofven in 1967's 19th Generation. *JO JO ZEP's* Gary Young backed Bobby and Laurie in 1965's Rondells and later pounded with Changing Times, Ram Jam Big Band and Daddy Cool. Even *NORMAN GUNSTON* played in an early seventies rock band known as Jameson Battery.

That is just the proverbial tip of the iceberg; the list could go on for another few pages, proving that Australian rock is firmly in the hands of seasoned older veterans. This is certainly not an entirely bad situation; what *is* worrying is the short supply of new young rock talents.

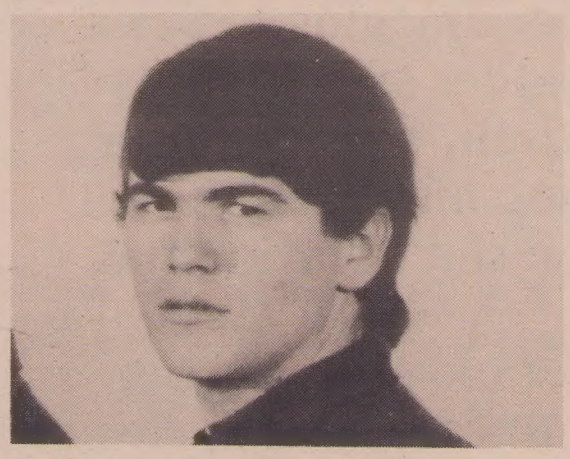
Playing in a rock group no longer holds the sort of intense magnetism or chance for peer group envy it had throughout the sixties. Neither is there the visible attraction of assured permanent stardom in anything less than 5 years. Add that to the current cruel situation of discos wiping out all but hit group's work opportunities and it's not difficult to understand why a talented young guy would rather join an advertising agency than his

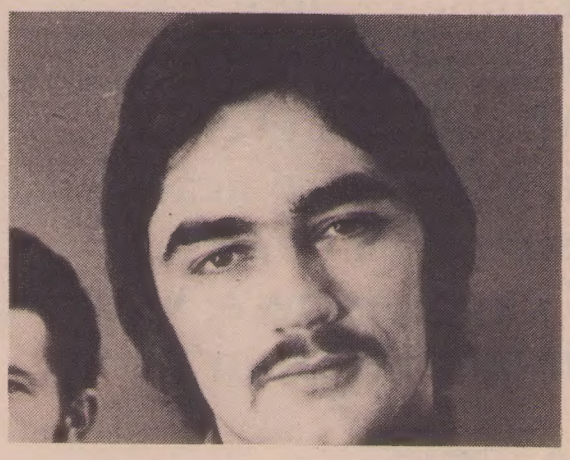
It seems inevitable that a real crisis will strike Australian music in five or so years time, when the veterans have packed it in. Without the intensely competitive breeding grounds which gave us all the musicians listed above, it seems sadly certain that the leaders of rock in 1982 will be a limp lot indeed.

New Wave may break the pattern but I doubt it. What does seem destined to dominate the charts is the huge one-hit-wonder syndrome which has been perfected to a fine art by the current disco dilemma we find ourselves in. The artist is becoming less important in relation to *sound,* and wheras any astute pop fan would have been aware of virtually every member of every hit Mersey band in 1964, very few kids in 1977 would know (or care) who make up the ranks of the faceless bump 'n' grind groups who seem to make the cover of Cashbox every week.

The moral of the story?—there ain't no overnight stars anymore kids, just a few tenacious relics.

Glenn A. Baker.





Glenn Shorrock in The Twilights — 1965.

Ronnie Peel (Rockwell T. James) of the All Stars when he was with The Browns — 1968.

The Zoot — 1968, Rick Brewer of Ferrets alongside Beeb Birtles of Little River Band.

Tony (Sherbet) Mitchell when he was with Wheelbarrow — 1969.

Velvet Undergrouind — 1971, with AC(DC's Malcolm Young in front and Les Hall and Herm Kovacs of TMG.

FASHION THE WAY IT'S REALLY WORN

Rag Times

AUSTRALIA'S **NEW** MAGAZINE ABOUT TODAY'S STYLE

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The Moustache & How To Wear It

What To Wear For An Orgy -Madam Lash

Fashion's Best Buys
Hobbs's Choice From London
It's A Wicker World
Paul Dainty's Favourite Albums
Plus All The Gossip
The Others Won't Print

MARC BOLAN

Farwell to the Dandy of the Underworld

Marc Bolan died at dawn on Friday, September 16, in a car crash in South London. The operatic soprano, Maria Callas, died the same day of a heart attack. Because more older people buy newspapers than young rock fans, the diva's death at fifty four took precedence over the Electric Elf's at twenty nine; both opera soprano and rock singer/composer/. . . *stylist* got less individual attention than was their due. If only they'd had the consideration to die on different days. . .

But the death of *Bolan*, the metal guru, is what we're concerned with. The details of his dying are as mundane as any other car accident, any other death. He just isn't alive any more.

No doubt there'll be a grand re-issuing of all his records, instant books and maybe even a special seance to emphasise that fact.

What happened is Marc Bolan and his beautiful coffee coloured lady, singer Gloria Jones, had been celebrating till early morning at Morton's, a posh restaurant in Berkeley Square (where the nightingales stopped singing thirty years ago), the place the very flash, very rich and very famous hang out sometimes. They were celebrating Gloria's return from her native America with her brother. Having celebrated the night away, they were driving home to Marc's house in East Sheen. Gloria was driving, Marc was sitting in the front passenger seat—well known as the worst place to be in a car crash. As they drove along Queen's Ride in Barnes, a suburb of South London, Gloria seemed to lose control of the car. Bolan's purple mini slammed into a fence, bounced off and hit a tree. The entire front of the car was smashed to bits, the windows broken, the windscreen shattered. Bolan was dead before he got to hospital; Gloria is still in Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, with a badly fractured jaw that needed extensive wiring and nasty facial injuries. The hospital is describing her condition as "fairly comfortable"—that is, as comfortable as you can be with a heavily wired jaw and a smashed up face.

Gloria hasn't been told yet that Bolan, the father of her 20-month-old son Rolan, is dead. She won't be told until her doctors think she's strong enough to take the shock of the death of her man of three years and the father of her son. *She* was driving; she saw him go from a gross, screwed caricature to a happy, healthy man and she helped. And she was driving. . .

The police, expecting the worst from a rock star even when he's dead, took blood samples from Bolan and Jones, but they don't seem to have found anything. Now they seem to think it's more likely that the car itself was at fault. They've been checking it thoroughly, particularly its tyres.

Bolan *would* have a purple mini. He was a little man; a mini would suit his size and the unassuming family man private life he led. The house in East Sheen is large, but not extravagantly so. East Sheen is a calm, comfortable suburb, the sort of place where everything shuts at six o'clock. It's not a trendy or particularly posh address; Bolan had no country estate or Knightsbridge mansion. His parents lived with him there. He had settled down to family life and liked it.

Tony Blackburn, eternal disc jockey of the BBC's Radio One, said his outlandish stage style was a complete contrast to his real character. "He always struck me as quiet, unassuming personality," said Blackburn, "he was more like a family type."

A funeral service was held for Bolan, who was Jewish, at Golders Green in London. The rock world sent tributes, but the most prominent one was from his old friend, David Bowie. Bowie co-hosted the last show of Bolan's national television programme, *Marc;* he was back in his tax exile home in Switzerland when Bolan died. "I'm terribly broken up—he was my mate." said the allegedly cold-blooded Bowie. He continued: "The only tribute I can give Marc is that he was the greatest little giant in the world."

Back at the beginning, Bolan was born Mark Feld in Hackney, East London, in 1948. He was the son of a cosmetics salesman, Dad probably sewed the seeds for his son's predilection for make up; it's humdrum stuff today, but when Bolan and T Rex first appeared in extravagent face paint, solid citizens were shocked to the core. Men wearing makeup—it was disgusting, a lot of nancy boys trying to destroy honest British public school buggery with their bisexual chic.

Bolan was a mod in his youth, obsessed as mods were

by clothing, down to the minutest detail—with *style*. He was also a budding male model, if rather a small one, before he started trying to crash into the superficially macho music scene of the era. Other young and struggling songwriters were trying at the same time; Cat Stevens was one, David Bowie another. Mark Feld became Marc Bolan in 1966, when Decca released his first single, *The Wizard.* Not surprisingly it didn't do much, and Bolan became a member of John's Children. The band claims to be the very first glitter rock band. They had two minor British hits (on the defunct Track label, if you're a fanatic), *Desdemona* and *Go Go Girl.* Oh for the days when the discotheque was a new phenomenon, with its obligatory girls in mini outfits made of fringing, dancing maniacally above you in gilded cages. . . *Go Go girl* was actually a backing track for Bolan's own song *Mustang Ford,* with vocals added after he left the group. Later, he did the song himself, as he wrote it. Around this time, Bolan also cut songs for his own Track album, *Beginning Of Doves,* although that set wasn't released until 1974 and Track saw a chance for a quick quid.

As time rolled on, Bolan tried to form his own five piece all-electric band, but legend has it that the venture failed when the hire purchase company repossessed their equipment. Out of the survivors, Bolan and a percussionist with the fanciful name of Steve Peregrine Took started playing here and there as an acoustic duo, under the equally fanciful name of Tyrannosaurus Rex. That was in 1968.

Rex's first and second albums were purely acoustic. They were called *My People Were Fair and Had Sky In Their Hair But Now They're Content To Wear Stars On Their Brows* and *Prophets Seers And Sages, The Angels Of The Ages* (both on the Regal Zonophone label); the titles, while they hardly fall trippingly from the tongue, reflect Bolan's obsession with his own private mythology, as did the albums themselves. By 1969, with the *Prophets Seers and Sages* album, his third LP effort, Bolan was writing what many people consider to be his best songs. He'd expanded the instrumentation, and was beginning to develop the stuttery boogie style that became his trademark.

Soon after the third album was finished, Took left. He was disenchanted; his own personality didn't show in the duo's work, and their limited sales depressed him. After all, not many people would go into a record shop and ask for the whole mouthful: "Can I hear *My People Were Fair And Had* er, um, look forget it."

Took was soon replaced by Micky Finn. He and Bolan met in a health food restaurant; where else in 1969? Finn shared Bolan's flights of fancy and fondness for the bisexual, outrageous (for the times) image. He made his first recorded appearance with Bolan on the 1970 *Beard Of Stars* album. It was a transitional work in that Bolan brought in electric guitar on several tracks. Up to this point, Tyrannosaurus Rex were regarded as an oddball outfit operating on the fringes of what the rock press called the "progressive" boom. It was a form of psychedelic rock, only with more sweetness and light than the heavily electronic and sometimes dark feel of American bands in the same broad classification, like Jefferson Airplane and The Doors. In Britain, it was the likes of Donovan who were flying the mellow yellow, prancing pixies stuff, the weedy plant grown from the seed planted by the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper's* album.

They were in competition for audiences with bigger, more impressive and far more successful outfits like Ten Years After, Jethro Tull and Fleetwood Mac (a very different Mac to the current one). These bands leaned towards the stuff of myth and legend in their lyrics, but the actual *music* was still firmly based on American R & B; hence they were far more easily accessible, loud and exciting to watch.

By late '70, Bolan and Finn were still hanging in there with their devoted cult following, operating under the abbreviated name T.Rex. All of a sudden they touched the nerve the public had been waiting for; their *Ride A White Swan* single made a sudden appearance in the singles charts, way up high—number two in Britain. The single was released simultaneously with their *T. Rex* album (on the long gone Fly label). Bolan's audience changed almost as quickly as their music leapt into the charts. T. Rex added a permanent bass player, Steve Currie, and later drummer Bill Legend. The drastic audience change was from like-minded bell-ridden older hippies to ever increasing numbers of teeny boppers, who found T. Rex's androgynous looks very much to their taste. Boppers, very young ones at least, have always gone for pretty boys; viz David Cassidy and now brother Shaun, The Jackson Five and so on.

T. Rex consolidated their hold on that audience with *Hot Love,* which stayed at the top of the British charts for six weeks early in '71. Later the same year they followed up with *Get It On,* which had similar success. That was the single that really brought T. Rex to prominence in Australia; it did the same in America, retitled *Bang A Gong.* (What's suggestive in one country isn't in another, and vice versa).

By this time, T. Rex were creating the kind of hysteria in their ever younger audiences not seen since The Beatles. It was all centred around Bolan's charismatic, magician style, the non-threatening, almost feminine persona that was still outrageous enough in dress and make up to appeal to the rebellious part of adolescent minds. His talent for writing winsome, commercial pop songs had more than a little to do with it.

Electric Warrior came out mid '71; it was the album that was finally a full-on rock 'n' roll attack, and the death of the early Rex acoustic folkiness. It had its bad points, but *Warrior* is still entertaining today. Finally, T. Rex was producing music you couldn't play yourself around the fire while passing the joints. They were genuine electric rock gods.

The Fly company took the *Jeepster* track off the album and released it as a single. Despite its high charting, Bolan was displeased at not being consulted over its choice first, and started his own T. Rex label. Through '72, Bolan was peaking; *The Slider* album was a great commercial success, and *Telegram Sam, Metal Guru, Children Of The Revolution* and *Solid Gold Easy Action* continued the stream of hit singles.

In 1973, Ringo Starr took up the unlikely role of filmmaker and directed *Born To Boogie,* a movie about the T. Rex phenomenon; no doubt it will be dug up for rescreening now that Bolan is dead. At the time, however, the film was considered pretty awful, despite the presence of Elton John. Faithful Rex fans saw it anyway, but the critics' opinion was far from flattering.

The same thing was happening to Bolan's musical output. He was obviously frustrated with his inability to crack the American market; he kept putting out albums

which had they not been identical to their predecessors, might not have been slammed quite so hard. As it was, Bolan was repeating himself; the teeny boppers had started to move on to younger heroes, and the formula that had entranced them was starting to crumble. His albums after and including *Trax* didn't sell very well, nowhere near as spectacularly as his earlier records when the boppers were still his.

As Bolan's musical grip slipped, so did his hold on reality. He got fat, quite grotesquely so; there's a photograph of him in Phil Morris's book of rock shots labelled *The Prince that turned back into a frog.* A cruel subtitle, even more so because it's deadly accurate. The make up on the jowly, debauched face only looks bizarre, and there's nothing fairytale delicate about the bulging, cavorting body beneath it. The sparkle had turned into an ugly leer. Bolan got further and further into booze and any sort of dope he could get his hands on, blotting out his musical failures and himself at the same time. The albums he made in that three year period have the same quality of self-parody as his appearance. Bolan had become pathetic. Unlike Bowie, whose apparently limitless imagination seems to enable him to switch styles of music and appearance as swiftly as turning a page, Bolan was stuck in the glitter prince mould he'd devised, and it was choking him.

He spent a year or so in America avoiding the nasty bite of the British tax laws. When he returned to London in 1976, his charisma was virtually non-existent except for the stridently faithful T. Rex fans. They were almost as loyal as Presley's fans when *he* was in bad shape; there were enough of them to ensure at least a couple of sell-out concerts during his underplayed comeback tour of Britain late in '76.

Bolan left his wife June to live with American Gloria Jones; as well as producing young Rolan, they performed together on stage. Gloria seems to have been instrumental in putting Bolan back together again. He lost weight, gave up drugs and drinking when he was on the verge of total alcoholism, and settled down to the family life which kept him happy and healty. Even during last year's British tour, while he was still in the process of finding his way out of the woods, he was reported by some to have given excellent performances. The unique music he created was back, the distinctive Bolan mixture of childlike innocence and androgynous sensuality, his obsession with machines, the poetic pretentions and skill, the nursery rhyming, the cosmic wisdom and the quirky trivia; toybox rock 'n' roll with bizarre minor chord choruses; that whole metallic, uniform, contradictory simple and subtle T. Rex sound . . . Flo and Eddie sang weird falsetto harmonies to Bolan's camp butch Presley quaver vocals on the tour.

The album he made after it, *Futuristic Dragon,* was disappointingly messy; trite and a quagmire of musical styles. And there were no outer space falsettos for him to play against. It was an ambitious album that didn't live up to its aims.

But in April of this year, he released *Dandy In The Underworld* and proved the glimmers of light in *Futuristic Dragon* could be fanned into bright flame. It was a less ambitious album, but it succeeded. Bolan aimed a little lower and found the right target. For the album, he dropped Gloria Jones on clavinet, and had Dino Dines handle all the keyboards. Herbie Flowers played drums and Tony Newman bass on most tracks, both session veterans also in Bolan's performing band. *Dandy* is a very consistent album; although it lacks the weirdness and inspiration of the inimitable *Slider,* it almost makes up for the lack of genius with professional polish. Critics credited Bolan with a re-found sense of control, both in getting back on course and in maintaining such a consistent sound. His guitar playing is assured, so is his voice. If neither have quite the sparkle they had in '73, put it down to the inevitable polishing process a man must pick up in four years of producing, even if he is out of it for the duration. Again, comparisons are odious, but Presley's *Moody Blue* album is the classic case of a sick and drug confused man still being capable of summoning up his ingrained talent, almost on automatic pilot.

Happy, healthy and back on form, Bolan had a tour organised with The Damned in the support spot. The tour was postponed while he made his television series. The show spanned a half hour; during each one, Bolan performed three numbers with his new T. Rex, introduced one established top act and one new one (his interest in new wave bands was genuine enough for him to give them TV time), and a feature spot with four girl dancers called Heart Throb. In early August the show was pronounced ready to start; in typically immodest style, Bolan the Electric Elf said: "The media have been after me to do a TV series for years and finally I've given in." The producers set out to use every type of technical and electronic wizardry that modern television allows. Bolan must have loved that.

At least he got to finish the six weekly programmes. But not the tour that was almost sure to rescue him from the ranks of burnt-out pop stars where he'd put himself in the public's eyes.

Bolan was unique. Before he died, he proved his will was stronger than his deliberate self-destruction had encouraged us to think. A recent review of yet another Gary Glitter comeback single read: "This guy's been wrapped in silver foil so long he really has turned into a turkey." No one could every say that of Marc Bolan.

Annie Burton.

THE LAST INTERVIEW

What follows is an interview Marc Bolan did in March this year, with Paul Morley in London. It shows Bolan really was well on the way back, and how much we're going to miss now that he won't arrive.

Annie Burton

THE SCENE: Offices somewhere in London. . . Marc Bolan, just returned from some tryout dates in France, professes to having a tummy bug—but in neat soft green suit he looks healthy enough. .. his right leg kicks out a lot, he seems more nervous than I am.

One of precious few genuine early 70s rock 'n' roll stars. The one I mean is Bolan. If you don't think so then you're being as bigoted as you probably think Bolan is. Ya-boo sucks to you if you agedly assumed that he was always earnestly serious.

He was a sculpted, not line drawn, animated rock star; fluffy cloud pretty, groovy-funcosmic, indulgent, arrogant, stylish, the ultimate poser, boaster, leader-onner, leader.

Almost single-handedly he filled a fairly huge gap in the blank redundant early 70s; he had assault, impact, appeal—how could anyone resist him?

His records were up-thrilling. The best derivative unambitious, flavour-holding bubblegum rock 'n' roll of all time. Plenty of fun, lotsa energy, short and sweet, crass, screaming, and funny.

Bolan's blunt irreverence, his apparent rigid dogmaticism and occasional paranoia didn't endear him to many. A lot were quietly, and not so quietly, glad when 'circumstances' led to a fall from grace. But even when things were really down, Bolan was bubbling around, never totally out.

Right now he's crisper, cleaner, more enthusiastic than he's been for a long time. He's bagged a cracking new band, he ain't drinking, he ain't drugging, he's heavily into the busy bee lark. Plus he's as upfront as ever, with better reason than in the last three of four years when things, he admits, were rough.

His heart is light, his grin permanent, and he's not even scared about putting stun-rock experts The Damned as support on his new tour.

"The Damned I like a lot. I was introduced to them because one of them had the good taste to wear a Marc Bolan T-shirt. Of those new bands who don't seem to be breaking out of their environment, I thought it'd be nice to have them on tour."

He's not scared they're gonna blast him off stage?

"Naah! Not with this band."

'This Band' is the new T. Rex, consisting of Tony Newman, Herbie Flowers, Miller Anderson and Dino Dines. It's the only T. Rex Bolan's been so obviously satisfied with since the basic Finn-Curry-Legend line-up.

"The new band is everything I've ever wanted.

"John's Children could have been a great group except for inexperience, and the '73 T. Rex was great on record but messy live, although it was what people wanted, what I wanted to do at the time—it was enough just to be out there. . . I couldn't believe it all.

"But now it's very important to get everything right. There's been a lot of preparation. I've even rehearsed this band, which I've never done before. I just played from record to record. So this new band is very solid. Everybody is proud to be in it. It's what should really have happened at the beginning. . .

"If I couldn't go on the road with these musicians I'd probably give up music. With this group I'd play with anyone. . . Stones, The Who, The Rubettes. . . maybe not Bruce Springsteen—I hear he's got a pretty shit-hot band. Apart from him anyone."

The making of the new album was fired wholly by the super-duper musicians who jumped to his call—he was reluctant to cut an album with the old band. It was recorded purposefully as an album, not a load of half-forgotten tracks selected from loads previously laid down and thrown together with little thought as the last few have seemed to be.

"The last two were, yeah, but there were reasons for that. American deals, things that had been left over. The last album was purely a contractual thing, plus I wasn't happy with the band.

"But the new album was cut very quickly with the new band—I wrote six tracks in the studio, and the rest had been around some time. It's a kind of cross between images and hardrock in a way that I've always wanted. It's got this amazing, very unique, odd sound. Like *Electric Warrior,* it sounds like a period."

Very indefinable.

"Right, the new one's like that. There's a little magic. Something was happening when we made it.

"I think from now on I'm not going to record for six months at a time. There's no point in going to the studios all the time. I've changed my whole approach. . . I'm gonna make sure I know exactly where I am."

He seems well in control again. The new band helped?

"Yeah."

It's been a good thing for you?

"Oh, amazing. All my old enthusiasm's back."

Perhaps for the first time in Bolan's stage career, there's some discipline. The '72-'73 T. Rex had no fixed standards laid down; it was enough that he just walked out and did some songs (pure excitement). Later drugs and drink interfered. Wishy-washy bands and untogether repertoires spoilt the gigs—despite even the worst having that . . . *something.*

Right now he's really enjoying himself.

"We're all having great fun and wanna play together as long as possible. No Gloria; all men. New material, very little golden-oldie stuff, and those done tight, not sprawled. In fact I'm doing an electric *Deborah,* a punk *Deborah.* It sounds like shooting a shark gun. I dunno why . . . sorta, *Purk;*—Miller and I are doing a very precise guitar sound."

You're going on stage sober?

"I don't drink at all now. Not for two months. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't take drugs. I screw a lot."

The '72 spirit seems well returned, mixed with a studied maturity. Which has got to be a hellishly good thing. The tour with The Damned—'Two and a half hours of Punk Funk'—has to be the tour of the year.

And he's still using the T. Rex name. . .

"Right. it's because I want to do a Marc Bolan album, but I don't know what it is yet. It's gonna be like nothing I've ever done before. Might be a spoken word album, it might just be me cracking eggs with loads of echo. . ."

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ON UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS & TAPES

MR. MOTORCROSS

INTO THE ROARING VALLEY— MR. MOTOCROSS

Motocross, as sports go, is a fairly new one. Only in the past ten years have people of questionable sanity taken to riding motorbikes as fast as possible over deliberately bumpy, twisting tracks; even more recently it's reached the proportions of fair dinkum professional sport. Andrew McMillan went out to Amaroo Park, a motor race track outside Sydney, to check out the finals of the Mr. Motocross series.

As the midday sun burnt harshly through the eucalypts, the steady stream of spectators left their cars and trudged down dusty paths. From deep within the valley came the amplified sounds of ten thousand blow flies trapped in a Shure microphone.

What had brought five thousand people here to bake in the noonday sun and watch a bunch of crazies trying to kill themselves? Was it the promotional posters depicting the meanest son of a bitch you ever saw standing astride the wreckage of a dozen bikes, crushing the carnage with a pair of boots that must have come out of the most terrifying sci fi movie ever conceived? Was it the slaughter house mean reds look in his eyes or the blood dripping from his gloved hands? Was it the Kiss armour on his arms or the fires in the background? Were they really ghouls just come to give the thumbs down, to catch the blood in the eye, the twisted wreckage of motorcycles and bodies soaring through the air only to collide with the pack, drawing screaming ambulance sirens and the rush of slathering bloodlust?

Or were those five thousand fans in their Golden Breed shirts with eskies under their arms there to catch some sport, to watch the top motocross riders in Australia and New Zealand pit their skill against $10,000 prize money?

Whatever their reasons, they are gathering at the best vantage points for the Grand Final of the MR. MOTOCROSS series.

Under a cloudy blue sky, sheltering beneath gum green from the recent rains, they are staring at a dirt track carved out of the valley floor, in the middle of which stands a huge inflated Pepsi bottle. Dotted around the tortuous unmuddied track ads for Pepsi, Golden Breed and Rothmans add bits of colour before the opening heats start the dust cloud.

Speedway licensing squad officials check the track for the novice events before twenty 125c.c. engines crackle into life, belching toxic blue smoke and shattering the quiet tension that had been building up all week.

The bikes move into position, a sight reminiscent of cattle packed into the pen awaiting slaughter; but these are *humans,* not tense with the prospect of straightforward slaughter, but instead under the pressure of breaking out in machine stampede and on to survival. And the money; only one of them can win. Twenty crackling, spluttering machines barely controlled by bulging figures in yellows, light blues, reds and greens. Amidst the clouds of smoke and dust one guy is trying to kick start his machine—no go. The bastard stays mute and he's left in the pen—alone.

Here I am, after a night of excess, sitting perversely under a burnt out tree with a chilly can in my hand, wondering just what the hell I'm doing here with this overload of ugly noise permeating the inner reaches of my skull. But before I can formulate an answer (I'm sure there isn't one.) (*We sent you, that's why—ed.*) they're OFF. Disappearing into a thick choking cloud of black dust, they soar through the air for the first jump.

These guys are quite obviously, certifiably insane. Totally beyond the pale; stark raving bloody mad. Screaming round a dragon's mouth of a dirt track at speeds of around 145 kilometres per hour in some bizarre attempt to prove Newton wrong. Admittedly, Sir Isaac Newton was born quite a while ago, three hundred and thirty five years to be exact, but that's no reason to attempt to discredit the guy by defying his Law. He was, after all, a knight. When he formulated the Law of Gravity in his *Philosophae Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (the show off name for his treatise) in 1687, he didn't expect a bunch of suicide jockeys to defy him with motorbikes in 1977. Is it any wonder that the wheels on these fragile machines are suspended about eighteen inches below the mud guards? God, the recognised rate of gravity is 9.80665 metres per second; when these maniacs are kicking up the dirt at 70 km over a vicious bump, that's pretty heavy landing—especially if you happen to lose your balance and come down sideways.

The pit area is filled with bikes, most of which are yellow Suzukis with a few Yamahas thrown in and a Montesa here and there. The Yamaha and Golden Breed tent flies are surrounded by pit crews, teev news teams, journos and friends in their Golden Breed shirts, hats, caps and sun visors. The crowd, both inside the pits and outside, is predominantly young. But here and there, the Chronic Cases stand out. They're probably about forty but look older—rats' tail greying hair, covered in grease and dirt. They insist on parading about in their riding gear which looks as though it spent the week inside the pistons of a hard driven F.J. Unshaven, their eyes are steel grey and their dirt engrained faces permanently scarred. The battle heroes of a recent, but forgotten age. They were probably in the trials and the scrambles ten years ago, riding huge 650's through creek beds and over logs at death defying speeds. They did it long before Motocross came along with the invention of high powered small machines and a new breed of riders took over the scene. The old four stroke veterans can no longer cut it against the kids in their gaily coloured breeches, but they still hang around. Old bikers, like old fishermen, like old rock 'n' rollers, never die. Unless they try to take that big old machine over one last, impossible bump.

The young riders are the stars now, at a time when the deadly serious pastime is becoming big business. The riders, hardly out of their teens, are padded up like some obscene up—dated version of the Roman gladiators; that's what Amaroo Park is all about really—a bright series of virility contests in a natural coliseum.

Virility, yeah! Guys with padded shoulders looking like bloody gridiron players, surrounded by tight arsed young and very females. *It's a true mens' sport eh blue. None o' those poofy pop stars 'ere mate.*

But just as rock 'n' roll attracts its own special genus of female performers, so too does motocross. Surrounded by her pit crew stands a young lady. A golden earring, a fine gold necklace, yellow leathers and black grease plastered across her face. When I first saw her out on the track I thought that either I'd had too much booze or some guy had his arm in a sling across his chest.

After a dozen races the track is a mile long dust bowl. A haze of dust and blue smoke hangs low as the track officials drop a metal pole into its holding pipe. The high tension rubber sling-shot affair that acts as a starting barrier is dragged out and hooked up and The MR. MOTOCROSS contestants line-up.

This is the first of the final four heats that will decide the Mr. Motocross title for this year. Hot favorite is last year's winner and the highest points holder so far in the current series, Anthony Gunter. At the age of twenty two he is the recipient of heavy sponsorship. He's been riding since the age of eight, but today he's got the disadvantage of four broken toes.

One point behind him on the table is New Zealander Ivan Miller. At twenty seven he's one of the old men of the new breed and doesn't exactly exude confidence during the broadcast pre-race interviews. He's got a new bike which he hasn't run in yet, but there are a hell of a lot of people out there rooting for him. Not surprising when you consider that in the past year he's won 59 races from 61 starts.

Third in the pointscore, and the only other guy with any chance of taking out the title, is nineteen year old Stephen Gall. During one of the early heats I noticed this particular crazy in a black jacket coming from behind to piss over the other competitors. I decided that number 23 in the black gear was my rider for the day. It turned out to be Gall. But he too is at a disadvantage, having corked his knee at Tivoli recently.

Blue smoke belches from the machines, the green flag goes down and the rubber barrier shoots back. Gall drops a wheelie over the first hill; he also drops his bike. A restart is ordered and Gall returns to be strapped up. The crowd is on its feet all around the valley with necks craned. Is Gall OK? Will he start? Thumbs up and he remounts his 400 Yammy.

With all riders back on the grid the flag goes up again and the machines tear down the track, ripping up the dirt; it's every man for himself in a grim race with the devil time. After a quarter of a mile the bikes are still grouped tightly in that thick cloud of dust; there's sudden flashes of colour and the crackling sounds of the machines but nothing else. . . until. . . one guy goes straight up the embankment and soars through the air, landing God only knows where. The rider probably doesn't. One down and out.

As they come screaming out of the esses for the third lap Gunter is leading with Gall a few feet behind. But as they ride into the steeply banked turn at the end of the straight, both going flat out, Gunter's front wheel digs into the sod and he goes over. Gall flies past him but by the time Gunter gets back into the race the nineteen year old is too far ahead and takes the honours. Gunter still manages to take second place.

Twenty minutes of heavy breathing later the finalists once again line up awaiting the green flag. The flash of green is caught and instantly lost amid the dust. Gunter leaves Gall waaaay behind on the straight and number 23's pit crew are going crazy. Thumping their hearts and waving their fists. "C'mon Stevie baby, you can take 'im! C'MON!!! TAKE 'IM!!!GO ORN!!!!" Their knuckles are white, eye squinting against the late afternoon sun. They've got thousands on this kid in the black leathers and they've spent hundreds of hours preparing his factory built machines. "C'MON STEVIE, Y'CINDOIT!!!" Finally he does, taking Gunter in the esses and drops a crowd pleasing wheel stand for the length of the straight on the next and final lap. It pleases all of the crowd except the old veterans. *Bloody show pony. These kids with their factory prepared machines and all their bloody glam, probably cry if they got a bit of bloody grease on their pretty bloody faces. They couldn't have taken the pace in the old days.* But Gall wins the race all the same. A touch of showbiz never hurt any race.

The third heat is his bad one and he comes home second, thereby blowing his chances to take out the title in '77. After the race the other riders stand around their bikes on the line. Gall dismounts and wanders over to the Yamaha umbrella that's been erected on the track. He sits down in a low chair and washes the grit from his face. A guy from his crew kneels beside him. He's a Chronic Case, getting on, with an incurable twitch, his leg jumping and then his head and then his arm. He's been like that all afternoon, twitching, jerking spasms. But bike grease is in his blood. Nothing's going to keep him away.

The bikes are refilled on the track from jerries full of juice—seven ounces of R7 Castrol to the gallon. The flag goes down again for the final heat of the Championships and it's almost definite that Gunter will take out the title. Gall might've lost the war, but he wins the battle in the final race by coming from behind in the second lap to prove that he's the best rider on the track that day.

After a day of high tension, tranquility finally descends on the track as Gunter takes off the $2,000 first prize money and the MR. MOTOCROSS title for the second year in a row, having come out as the top points scorer in the overall series.

After the presentation of the laurels and the victory lap with the cheque in a truck, there are a couple of junior's races. The crowd is still strong, obviously there to watch the sport. If it was carnage they were after then the day would've been better spent watching *Godzilla versus King Kong* movies on the teev.

But in the first junior's race four kids are sliding through the tightest esses near the pits. One kid goes arse over tit and bites the dirt. Another bike goes straight over his prostate body. As his bike is dragged off the track he runs for cover, collapsing into an embankment, writhing in pain, gasping for air and thumping the ground in agony, the knobby tyre tracks engrained in his yellow jumper. . . . . .

Vinylising

ELVIS COSTELLO
MY AIM IS TRUE
(Stiff Records)

X

Strange album this; right out of the blue they hit you with something like Elvis Costello.

To give you an idea of what it's about, it's been produced at Stiff Records by Nick Lowe for Keepitasahobby Productions and although I know it's not kosher to straight-away go comparing somebody's debut effort with other more established artists' work, if you can imagine the instrumental and vocal feel of Graham Parker, the Hot Rods, Van Morrison, The Stones, the Feelgoods and 63–64 period Beatles (phew) and the pained lyrical honesty of Jackson Browne (sorry) all rolled into one you'd come close to getting an idea of the sound of Elvis Costello. Like much of the more main-stream new wave at the moment, it's definitely a product of the middle seventies pub-rock boom in London and I guess whether you'd like it or not depends on your attitude to the whole idea of Getting Back to the Roots.

The whole thing has such a sixties feel that it's got to be a 1977 album. *(Only too true–ed.)* The label says it's Totally Stereo, but I think Mono Enhanced Stereo would be more accurate. Nick Lowe has mixed the rhythm section of bass, drums and (occasional) keyboards into a mono backdrop, put the classic R&B growl of E.C.'s voice way up front (though he's given it at times the kind of off-mike echo that Steve Sholes gave the real Elvis on his first RCA sessions), and kept the stereo separation for the guitars.

The songs are self-assured, tight Southern R&B based nuggets understated and subtle but laced with short fiery guitar licks, sparingly coloured by keyboards and vocal harmonies. They're just about all under 3 minutes long, they're self-penned and they have a common theme–the all-time loser misses out again. I mean just look at the cover, E.C. *is* the all-time loser, the eternal misfit. Apparently he's a computer operator who's lived most of his life in Liverpool and the world has left him with such a chip on his shoulder he keeps a Black Book of all the people that have crossed him–(record execs fill most of the pages). Listen to some of the lines from *Alison*–"You used to hold him in your pretty hand but it took all that he could take"–or *Mystery Dance*–"Remember when the lights went out/Tryin' to make it look like it was never in doubt/Underneath the covers in the middle of the night/Tryin' to find my left foot from my right/You've seen these pictures in a magazine/But what's the use when you don't know what they mean". The songs are little vignettes about bitterness and failure, but the way they swing you get the feeling that through it all E.C. musta just shrugged his shoulders and gone on his way.

Six of these tracks have been released as A or B sides of singles in England (in fact virtually the whole album is potential singles material) and although *Alison* and *Less Than Zero* did get good critical reaction, the great British public–or rather the BBC–didn't agree. Still it's good to see someone else having a go at reviving the almost extinct art of the hit single as self-contained pop masterpiece. Who needs the album of the soundtrack of the film of the laser show of the same name when you've got people like Stiff Records putting out The Damned, Roogalator and Elvis Costello–all of whom had no chance of even getting near the studios before small independents like themselves and Chiswick (and Trafalgar here) reappeared.

The story goes that Elvis Costello took his demo tapes to all the majors but was universally rejected as having low market potential. Well, whatever his personal problems, he's put together a collection of instantly memorable tracks that's currently riding at Number 15 in the English charts and deserves a far wider exposure than it's gonna get here.

Matt Dickson

MINK DE-VILLE
(E.M.I.)

X

Yeah, summer's nearly here; you can tell–the Coke ads have started again. And this is a summer album, uncomplicated, optimistic, the early sixties New York City sound that came out of the Atlantic studios of Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry Wexler. Not the seamy backstreets or the seething tenements, but the whole boardwalk, movies and parties schtik, just the way we always remember last summer.

Like Blondie or the Ramones, Mink DeVille is a 1977 NY band that undeniably has its roots in the sixties. But here it's the sound of Doowop and the Drifters, not the beat scene of the middle sixties, that's the single most obvious influence; Willy DeVille uses the Johnny Moore/Ben E. King vocal tone and the *Up On the Roof/Spanish Harlem* instrumental feel on five of the ten tracks. He's sure picked up on the marraccas/Latin American thing, straight out of '62, and there's even the Immortals to add the appropriate backing harmonies. He does it well, no overkill, more of a fond glance over the shoulder.

But the Drifters aren't the end of it–the whole album is a pastiche of (mainly) NY styles; not so much the *Exile on 42nd. Street* jive as the hit factory teen sweetness end of the deal, the Spector/Barry/Greenwich sound–although the opening *Venus of Avenue D* does owe more than a passing nod to John Cale's *Guts,* and on *One Way Street* and *Gunslinger* he sounds a lot like the hard-nosed Roger Chapman.

It's *Spanish Stroll* (the English hit single) that gives him away though; the perfect Lou Reed faggot sneer "with your hand on your hip, you think you're such a ladykiller, so slick, well alright" leans on a Leiber/Stoller marraccas and castanets backing straight out of *Sand In My Shoes.* Like Willy says, it's tough but tender. But he cuts it with style and the whole of his musical life has obviously been building up to this album. So go out and buy it and show you respect the integrity of the man and his right to record and play the type of music he likes in the face of public apathy and commercial bland-out.

Matt Dickson

NEIL YOUNG
AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS
(Warner Brothers)

X

Well blow me down if it ain't the new Neil Young record. So quick, too; only eighteen months, three different titles and several last-minute production halts later than when it was supposed to appear, too.

There's terrible news for you on it. I'm awfully sorry, but–how can I say this?–the Gentile's Leonard Cohen seems to have . . .*happiness.* And what's more (and it must come as a shock to you neophyte junkies who love to play *I've Seen The Needle And The Damage Done* while you kid yourselves about heroin heroics), he even sounds *healthy,* flagrantly well-balanced. Good Grief and Murgatroyd's Mother, he even gives out with the odd chuckle.

All those hold ups seemed to have one cause–the temperamental tizzes of a neurotic, coked out superstar. Be that as it may, *Stars 'N Bars* is neither neurotic nor temperamental. In some places it's positively jolly, and definitely all-round cheerful. Young has gone quite country, real swing dance-band country. You can almost smell the barbecue the folks are having at the trailer next door.

On first listening, that is. By the fifth, you become well aware that this ruddy-faced, slightly chubby Young hasn't put on any fat around the brain. His lyrics are right back on form, back to his peculiarly simple, incisive style that goes so well with his idiosyncratic sinus whine and phrasing. It's one very good album; I guess he was right to recall those five thousand albums that had already been pressed if this was what he wanted to replace them with.

Side one kind of sneaks up on you, with the exception of the whammo *Bite The Bullet.* That is one great track, brudder. Even *it's* sneaky, I'd heard and liked it on radio, but it took careful listening to realise it's also durn dirty. That bullet he's biting–it ain't steel, it's some hot tomato's flesh. Modesty forbids telling you which bit. The other tracks haven't the terrific cowboy blast chorus of that one, they're more melodic, but their sneakiness lies in their intelligent, sometimes charming lyrics; Young gives a hearty, full-blooded rogue's view of life. Even though he seems to have retreated to an old cowboy movie for the album, which gives a necessarily unrealistic tone, he still manages to make it relevant to current sexual and social mores. Screwing another man's wife in *Saddle Up The Palomino,* he's wry and true, even though the song is an obvious tall story.

The Old Country Waltz epitomises his most country musical style on the album–pedal steel, fiddles, strummed guitar, 3/4 time, even drumming with brushes–it's a corny salute I disliked at first but have since come to regard with affection. And I've never liked Young that much; he's always sounded too full of whinge and self-pity, although it's impossible not to admire some of his past songs.

If *Bite The Bullet* is the first side's

Vinylising

whammy, then *Like A Hurricane* is side two's. The lyrics are brief, only the same chorus sung twice on an eight minute track, but they're all that's necessary. His words are so simple and evocative any more would spoil it. It's about a lady too strong to love: " You are like a hurricane. . . I want to love you/but I'm getting blown away. . ." Looks dumb, huh? But most of the track is taken up with Young's own lead guitars, and they are superb. It's all there; his guitar phrasing is as original as his vocal oddities. I haven't been picked up and carried off by a track like that since, well, illegal activities and Hendrix.

There are one or two duds; the acoustic guitar of *Will To Love* is so like Bowie's *Space Captain* it's unmistakable, and the nudge-nudge tone of *Homegrown* is too like Cheech and Chong naughty middle-aged-boy dope jokes for me. But altogether, Neil Young has surfaced with a beautiful album, while Crosby, Stills and Nash are getting grass-rash from sitting on their laurels maaaan and boring people to tears.

Annie Burton

THE RASPBERRIES ONE MORE TIME (EMI)

It is a little strange that EMI should re-release the first Raspberries album intact, when a well compiled and astoundingly annotated *Best Of. . .* is still readily available. Still, any Raspberries is better than no Raspberries at all, and with the rude shock of Eric Carmen's latest LP we need something to escape to.

The group came out of Cleveland in 1972 and were the result of a six company bidding war which Capitol won. The original four members Eric Carmen, Jim Bonfati, Wally Bryson and David Smalley, had been members of either The Choir or Cyrus Erie—the latter being known for their 14 song Who medley. All were caught in a "British Invasion" time warp—"we stayed behind when everyone started imitating Hendrix & Cream".

Whether we realise it or not, rock owes quite a debt to these idealistic mod rockers. By 1972 rock had ground to such a pace that we had to kick it to see if it was still alive. Disc jockeys were mumbling slower than the speed of sound about the Grateful Starship and the counter-culture had just about convinced us all that to be stoned was to be complete.

Then a roaring, slashing 3 minute pop powerhouse called *Go All The Way* contradicted all the lethargy and unofficially began a renaissance to which Johnny Rotten and his ilk can easily be traced. Not one of the heavy metal heroes of the time (Grand Funk notably) ever came near to turning out a piece of music so exhilaratingly vibrant and real.

Four short haired, sharply dressed, cute kids singing dynamic "horny" pop songs, so accurate to a sub/early teen lifestyle—the similarities didn't go unnoticed.

Eric Carmen *was* an enthusiastic rock romanticist in the finest tradition of Pete Townshend and, like the Who, the Raspberries found themselves maligned and misunderstood by the American pop marketplace. The Who stuck it out until acceptance arrived but the Raspberries burned out after four decreasingly well received masterpiece albums. *No Hard Feelings* from Carmen's first solo album conveys the frustration; *critics ravin' 'bout our album but we're making fifty cents.*

You can't claim the current crop of new wavers as the resurrection of sixties passionate pop, without acknowledging the Raspberries upheaval along the pathway. By all means collect every Raspberries album but if you want a hard-hitting intro to the band, pass this reissue by and get hold of *Raspberries Best.*

Glenn A. Baker

THE RUNAWAYS LIVE (Mercury)

"Tokyo. Good evening. Please welcome from Hollywood California, The Queens Of Noise . . . The RUNAWAYS!"

It ain't exactly the most riot inciting kill rape plunder and destroy them hype up but as soon as the band crashes into a raging version of *Queens Of Noise* you know it's just gotta be good. They're spunky sheilas after all. They gotta be good mite.

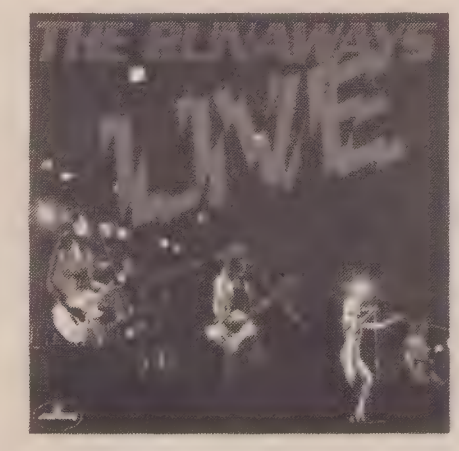
It's hard rock 'n' roll and this band has got (sorry, had) balls. Hardly feminine dear. But if it's sexy purring heavy breaths that you're after then forget it, cos Cherie Currie sounds like a rusty can opener.

Sandy West handles the vocals department on *Wild Thing* and comes across as hard and fast as her drumming does which is mixed up front.

Lita Ford's lead guitar work has certainly improved since that debut album last year.

Lou Reed's *Rock 'n' Roll* is virtually unrecognisable; the Runaways tearing it apart with raw cracking precision. *I Wanna Be Where The Boys Are* is great. Lita soars above Joan Jett's grinding guitar and bassist Jackie Fox as Cherie screams "I am the bitch with the hot guitar. . . I wanna fight where the boys fight." No wonder she quit.

Their first single *Cherry Bomb* is even raunchier than their original version but what, one wonders, did the Japanese (for



that is where it went down) think of this raw L.A. noise. They screamed just like any Sherbet audience did. They even shouted for "More More. . ." before the Runaways returned sounding like Quo to do *C'Mon.*

Okay, so this is the last recording by the Runaways with Jackie Fox and Cherie Currie. If you claim to be into raunchy rock 'n' roll then get into this—at full volume nothing less—cos this is about as raunchy as it gets. Plus it's one of the few *live* recordings that I think works.

Oh yeah, when you get the album you'll find a note at the bottom with their fan club address—and they want you to send your photo so they can see what you look like. Cute huh. Hardly.

Andrew McMillan

JOURNEY LOOK INTO THE FUTURE JOURNEY NEXT (CBS)

Journey are a band your neighbours are going to love to hate. It's suggested on the album sleeve that to fully appreciate the sound of Journey, you should play the record at the highest possible volume—just the sort of thing that's sure to win you friends.

But Journey aren't your average group of speaker-blowing hopefuls. The band has drawn its personnel from the likes of Santana, Zappa's Mothers of Invention, Grand Central Station and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. But if you get a little lost listening to Santana, plain confused with Zappa, or the Bluesbreakers were a little before your time, then Journey are definitely the band to listen to.

Although acclaimed as a supergroup when they were formed in late '73, Journey has received very little airplay in Australia. Possibly the first time many Australians heard of the band was when Skyhooks were their support band during the 'Hooks American Escapade'.

The title track of their first album *Look Into The Future* (released in '74) is probably the best place to start. If you're not sure about buying the album, get your local record man to play that track for you and if those 7 or 8 minutes don't have you ready to part with six or seven dollars of your drinking money, you'd better get your hearing aid tested.

The second album, *Journey,* is a little more complex, with once again the opening track setting the mood for the album. *Of a Lifetime* starts very gently but has a finish that tends to leave you nailed to the floor. Lyrically Journey seem to be a product of the late '60's British style of writing, much of which can be attributed to Greg Rollie on keyboards (co-founder of Santana with Carlos Santana). The lyrics tend to be overly poetic, particularly on *Mystery Mountain* and the very powerful *In My Lonely Feeling.*

The current album *Next* lacks the outstanding track that made the first two albums, although *Feels Like The First Time* is a strong contender. It follows on from the previous album in style and complexity and seems to be a natural progression for both the band and listener.

But with Journey—start at the beginning. And try not to play it too late at night. . . for the neighbours' sake.

Marc Wallace.

KENNY LOGGINS CELEBRATE ME HOME (CBS)

Back in 1972, songwriter Kenny Loggins commenced work on his first solo album along with assigned producer (Jesters/Buffalo Springfield/Poco refugee) Jim Messina. Somehow the album never happened.

What did present itself was Loggins & Messina's *Sitting In,* first in a series of six albums from the near-magical combination of these two fine musicians and their superb jazz-tinged backing group.

Now, five years after that unexpected detour, Kenny Loggins has accomplished his original aim with an essentially impressive work, coloured strongly by the past five years and, sadly, not much more.

The disappointments of *Celebrate Me Home* centre much around whimsy, or more accurately, the lack thereof.

Loggins was "discovered" by The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band in 1971 (in much the same way as they discovered Jackson Browne a few years previously). On one album they covered his *Santa Rosa, Prodigal's Return, Yukon Railroad* and, the eventual classic, *House at Pooh Corner.*

The childlike whimsy which crafted the gentle opus to A.A. Milne's honey bear is worlds removed from the calculatedly style conscious Loggins of 1977. *Danny's Song* on the *Sitting In* album (later covered by Ann Murray) was the last significant offering from the former frame of mind.

Celebrate Me Home is subtly forceful, magnificently played and quite definite in its purpose. The slight disco overtones of opener *Lady Luck* appear regularly throughout and are often at odds with Loggins' emotive voice. The songs are strong with lyrical assistance drawn from Jimmy Webb, John Townsend and Eva Ein.

Musically the credentials are impressive; Jon Clarke, a regular with Loggins since 1972, contributes sax, woodwinds, recorder, oboe, flute, English horn, clarinet & horn arrangements, while guitar chores are mostly carried by Hugh McCracken and Dean Parks.

Unrivalled highlight is a stunning reworking of Ray Charles' *You Don't Know Me,* certainly as impressive as James Taylor's similar treatment of Jimmy Jones' *Handyman.* Phil Ramone's production style is as glossy and slick as Peter Asher or Richard Perry. . . if you like that sort of thing.

To anyone unaware of Loggins' origins this album will be as satisfying as those from James Taylor, Leo Sayer or Dan Fogelberg, but for those who *are* familiar, the album will jar a little, in much the same way as recent offerings by Roger McGuinn and Eric Carmen. Then again, I suppose that only a fool would not want to sell a million albums like good ol' Boz & co.

I just wish he'd think about Winnie the Pooh occasionally.

Glenn A. Baker

THE ORIGINAL ANIMALS BEFORE WE WERE SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED (Phonogram)

This is indeed the original Animals, more or less the same line up as when they rudely interrupted themselves some eight or nine years ago—Eric Burdon went off for a short-lived spell with the black group War, Alan Price went back to being Alan Price, Chas Chandler was involved with discovering Jimi Hendrix and formed a management/production/publishing company with drummer John Steel. They all melted off into other avenues of rock, peripheral or still performing, and now they're having a reunion. Strictly a one-off according to Chandler, who wasn't too keen on the idea—probably because he's making a healthy living as it is. No concerts, unlike the reformed Small Faces; *they* got back together because they were all broke. Maybe the Animals did the same.

Whatever, they've produced a pleasant, bluesy album. It doesn't have the fire of the old lot, but then they're not fire-breathing youngsters any more. It would probably have come off rather pathetic if they'd tried to be as hot as they once were. No, it sounds more like what it is—a reunion blow with a faintly nostalgic feel. It isn't very exciting, but it's highly competent, as you'd expect from such survivors of the school of hard rock knocks.

Eric Burdon doesn't give out with the urgent vocals; in fact, he's a bit *too* laid back mostly, although the style does suit Dylan's *It's All Over Now Baby Blue* very well, in a version that pays proper respect to the song (unlike the awful version by that posturing ninny Graham Bonnet). Their own composition *Riverside County* is a good example of what the album's like—bluesy, slightly wry, well played by all with nobody shining in particular, and a relaxed, live take feel. Highlights—the mordant *Last Clean Shirt* and a soulful *Many Rivers To Cross.* Nothing to set the turntable alight, but pleasant enough.

Annie Burton.

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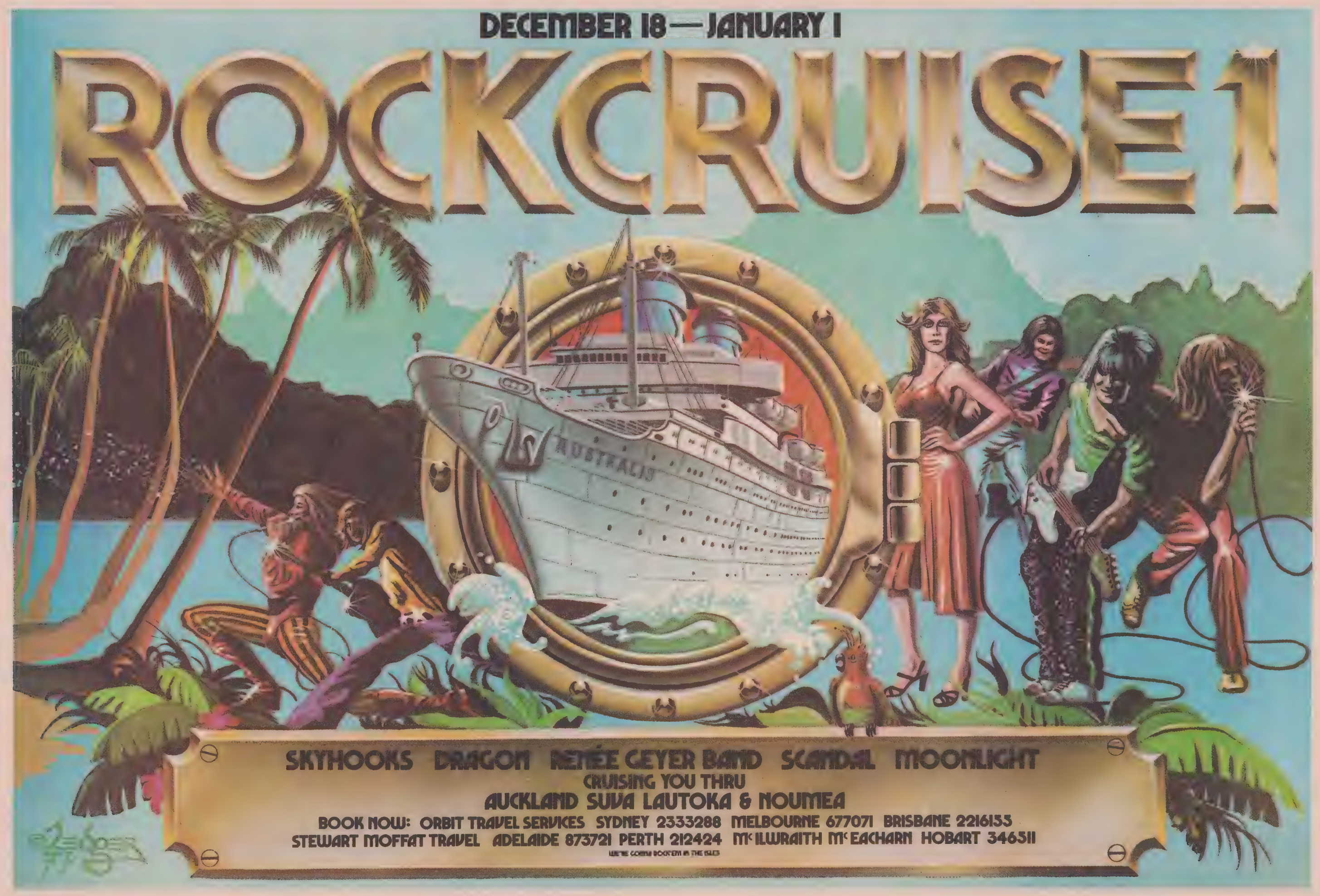

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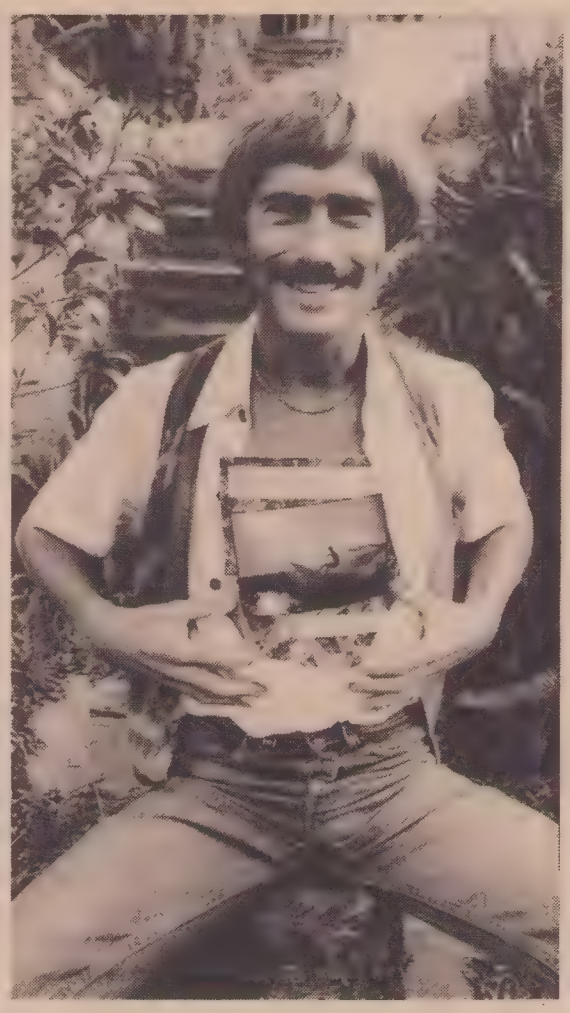
PROFESSIONAL SURFING'S TINEA TOES

Phil Jarratt, the editor of the surfer's bible, scandal sheet and handy lavatory accessory *Tracks,* has a book out. Another one. But unlike the last, a series of short stories concerned with the surfing life, half of which were written by an itinerant Californian Mark Melwing under the collective title of *The Adventures of Nemo And El Gato,* this one makes no claim to fiction. It's called *The Wave Game,* subtitled "An inside look at professional surfing" and that's exactly what it is.

Jarratt refuses to be interviewed, saying wisely that interviewing an interviewer is a wanker's proposition. Only too true sir; however, books just lie there and can't answer back so come on gang, let's victimise this slender but solid volume. Reclining placidly, *The Wave Game* is the size of a very solid magazine; it inhabits a very provocative cover. No, calm down, no full frontals of the author or nude surfing—the cover is a fascinating spread of *money.* Good old filthy lucre, layered enticingly in ten, twenty and fifty dollar notes. Unfortunately they're too small to cut out and spend, but they do emphasise the point that the stuff has well and truly entered surfing. Apart from the big biz allied with surfing, the wet suit, board making, t-shirts, shorts, leg ropes and so on, there's money in multiple thousand lumps in the international contest circuit. And that's what *The Wave Game* is about.

There's an elite band of surfers, (comparitively elite to the mass of people who spend as much time as possible paddling around on surfboards, that is) who travel almost continuously from one contest to another. Necessarily, their numbers are limited; if one doesn't win, consistently all those plane fares get kind of huge, even if he is being sponsored by one or more companies. Just as importantly, they have to have grown up or be based somewhere surf is accessible—surfing type surf, not mid-calf ripples. That means most contestants are Australian, Californian or Hawaiian, where the sport did, after all, originate and obsession at an early age is common place. There are exceptions, like the guy who surfs around the north east coast of America, batting the sewage around, a few South Africans and the odd Englishmen or European. But the actual contests are held up and down the east coast of Australia, in Hawaii and California.

Phil Jarratt thinks professional contests, ie with cash prizes, probably started as far back as 1966. But it's only become such a big deal in the last couple of years. The purists who think hard cash offends whatever god it is who controls the state of



the art seem to have resigned themselves, although ventures like the dreaded Bronzed Aussies, three Top Surfers who have succumbed to rock star style management, are still rather too blatantly commercial for most.

But *The Wave Game* can tell you all about it much better than I can. For a non-surfer like me, it's quite fascinating. The masochism involved never seems to occur to surfers; for us white skinned wimps who contemplate the ocean from afar, considering the consequences of shlishing around in it as *getting wet,* the international wingding of professional surfing, as described from close quarters, is like reading about the habits of a lunatic tribe of martians living on another planet. No doubt if you're already under the deep hypnosis induced by sun, sea, salt and surfboards, familiar with the mickey mouse terminology of goofies, kangas and rabbits, but still blessed with literacy, it would be even more illuminating. Not that surfing heroes could have clay feet, for obvious reasons, but they might prove a trifle more tinny round the tootsies than you think. . .

Annie Burton.

BOB MARLEY'S BIG TOE GONE TO BABYLON

The most famous Wailin' Rastafarian of them all is currently in Miami, that gilded haven of whitey sin, recovering from an operation on his right big toe. He's had part of it off. His British record company, Island, are saying "Everything is going to be hunky dory." Now that they've got Marley on American soil, they hope Marley and the Wailers will eventually play their American tour later this year.

The tour has been postponed and re-scheduled three times because of Marley's ailing tootsie. He first started having problems with it after he damaged his foot playing his favourite game, soccer, during his European tour last year. The injury was causing him pain, despite the inhalation of large amounts of pain reducing herbal mixture. It caused what was originally hoped would be a short postponement of his American tour due to begin in Miami on July 8.

Unfortunately the toe deteriorated, and Marley was unable to play in Vancouver later that month. Neither could he make it to his New York opening in August. Finally, with the toe still not healed, Marley flew to Miami to consult Dr. William Bacon, the surgeon who patched up Marley's manager last year when gunmen charged into Marley's house in Jamaica and started shooting.

Dr. Bacon was under the impression the toe was only suffering from football, and was surprised to discover the toe was in fact harbouring a tumourous growth, which he removed post haste during surgery.

Marley is expected to make a quick recovery and go through with his American commitments later this year. Whatever, he won't be playing soccer this season. Not unless he sticks to knee, head and chest passes.

A. Physician.

THE 1977 AUSTRALIAN FILM AWARDS

With the film industry in Australia burgeoning to the extent that now going to an Oz-made film is an enjoyable outing rather than a patriotic duty, need has arisen for a fairly ritzy awards ceremony. This one seemed to be a blow-by-blow attempt to imitate the Hollywood Oscars thing. Everyone tried very hard; the two hour session was compered by Bill Peach with the assistance of visiting Big and Middle Name overseas actors and the redoubtable John Gorton; there were acts to keep us entertained at intervals; model-ish ladies in black gowns to hand the trophies, which looked like silver and mulga wood slabs; more model ladies to trot the winners up onto the stage of the Regent Theatre; there was even a real live invisible cabaret band with a terrible club cymbal freak drummer hidden in the orchestra pit. And the films up for awards were certainly excellent.

But oh, what a poor imitation it was. The audience was meant to be packed with celebrities; what that means here is the casts of a lot of cop shows, soapers and even the lemon Fab lady. I'd thought they wouldn't let me in because I was wearing straight-from-work Yakka overalls, but nobody gave a damn. The required evening wear was atrocious, dyed feathers, ill-matched tat and all the ghastly mutations of black tie—blue tie, clip on bows, the woiks. The impression was chookyard chic, leaning heavily towards synthetic, clinging fabrics on figures that shouldn't be clung to by anything except another human. At least the fashion hodge podge was Oscar flavoured—a poor version of those nightmare garments you see Hollywood Stars wearing, as were the faces made up as though with house paint in half light.

Enough of that—who won? Bill Peach slipped into his pleasant Australianism for the minor awards, the ones that weren't televised; costume design, art direction, editing and the like. First up, the winner of the costume section was brought on stage in time, but the award failed to materialise. Ahem.

When that bit was over we had some songs from Bunny Gibson; apart from a couple of awfully off notes, they were pretty good. Then some more production awards, which went off smoothly, then a break for a truly atrocious comedian. He caused a mass exodus, poor man; he'd given his time for free, but he was so awful he was even too bad to laught *at.* Then back for the next hour, the part that went on national TV.

Mary Jane Boyd opened it looking beautiful and singing a very bad song very well. Then Bill produced Karen Black, wearing a pretty off Indian silk and silver sparkle dress. But she was appropriately charming, reading out the awards (in a sealed envelope and all) for Best Cinematography—*Break Of Day;* Best Screenplay—*Don's Party;* Best Supporting Actress—Veronica Lane in *Don's Party.* John Ewatt and John Mellion gave a wonderful rendition of *Tap Tap* the song from *The Picture Show Man* in top hats and tails and tons of ham, to continuous applause. Peach re-appeared with John Gorton (alright, *Sir* John Grey Gorton) to do the honours. Not only has he appeared in *Don's Party* and turned in a delightfully sly performance in that whisky commercial, when he was Prime Minister he started the laying out of money for film and television schools, experimental films and production. Good bloke, John Gorton; he was also wearing the best bag of fruit there—a swanky double breasted number with a big pink carnation buttonhole.

He handed out the Best Supporting Actor award—John Ewatt in *The Picture Show Man;* Best Directing—Bruce Beresford for *Don's Party.* By this stage we got to see a fuzzy projection of clips from the candidate films.

Then another song from an oily man whose name I didn't catch, and on to some blab from Barry Jones, the former quiz show smarty pants, now the director of the Australian Film whatever it is. He awarded a special posthumous honour to Charles Chauvell, the man who made *Rats Of Tobruk* with Peter Finch and *40,000 Horsemen* with Chips Rafferty on Cronulla Beach in the forties, among many other films from silents onward. The well deserved award was most graciously accepted by his widow Elsa. Then Keir Dullea trundled on stage to hand out the biggies. Best Actor went to John Mellion in *The Fourth Wish,* a very popular choice; Best Actress—Pat Bishop in *Don's Party.* The Best Film was *Storm Boy,* chosen out of the stiff competition of *Break Of Day, The Picture Show Man* and *Don't Party.* There was special mention of young Greg Rowe's remarkable performance, Gulpilil's beautiful presence and the making of the first pelican superstar, Mr. Percival.

And that was that. The Oscar imitation bits were annoying and should be dropped. These are the *Australian* Film Awards— why should we want to imitate those phonies, who award what makes the most money? We've still got the choice of what's *best*, not necessarily what's most commercial. Besides, nobody did that Oscar specialty and cried. Except maybe the hapless comedian. . .

Annie Burton.

DIRT

Renee Geyer has just returned from a successful promotional tour of America.

During the tour Renee was described as "The Queen of Soul" by a leading New York newspaper.

Renee has come home to Australia to commence a club and concert tour that will take her up the East coast. While she's touring, she'll be releasing a compilation of her biggest hits over the past few years. The album, called *Renee Geyer At Her Very Best,* was released late last month.

Later this year, Renee will be returning to the United States for further recording and promotional work for her next album, to be entitled *Moving Along.* While in America she'll also be recording another album for release early next year.

Willy De Ville of the New Yawk rockers Mink De Ville ain't pushing no new wave style political platform.

"I don't relate to politics and the intellect," he says honestly. "We are labelled a new wave band, but we're not the same as the English punk bands. Our music is a lot more soothing and romantic." Yeah, more soothing like fine grade sandpaper is to the heavy duty grade...

Peter Frampton says he often gives out $60,000 bonuses to his three man group if he's extra pleased with their performances. Frampers earned about $450,000 last year, so he can spare the odd sheckel. Better than getting a free turkey at Christmas, isn't it...

Reports from London suggest that the Hall and Oates duo may be breaking up.

Apparently Daryl Hall has been in the studios recording a solo album with the former King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp.

Hall cast serious doubts over the future of Hall and Oates, who released their debut album in 1972. He suggested that their latest album, *Beauty On A Back Street,* would be the last to be produced by Chris Bond, a guitarist and keyboards player who has worked with the pair since the recording of their second album *Abandoned Luncheonette* in 1973.

Hall conceded that he and Oates would probably continue to make records together but at the moment he is more interested in pursuing a solo career.

Strong rumours have it that Robert Plant has left Led Zeppelin. It could very well be true; for a man who loved his son, it must have been shattering for Plant to have the boy die while Plant was on tour.

If Plant *has* left, it's likely that the rest of Zeppelin would call it a day; after a ten year run, it would be impossible to replace Plant. None of the thousands of Plant imitators come anywhere near matching his dynamic presence.

While the American tour was on, the rock press was rather surprised at the band's quiet behaviour. However, they soon reverted to the wild abandon of their '73 tour, especially in New York. They did such a good job on their hotel rooms there that they managed to just about destroy them completely; no doubt wishing for togetherness, several band members and crew smashed through the walls separating the rooms, so they'd have one big dormitory. The other guests thought the hotel was under terrorist attack; the damages bill came to something like $40,000...

Ariel's farewell concert at the Dallas Brooks Hall in Melbourne was recorded; a live album, *Ariel Aloha,* is due to be released soon.

Since the band split, the former members of Ariel have all gone their own ways. The group's manager Phil Jacobson has gone to America. Bill Putt has spent the past month preparing for his own departure for the States.

Ian McLennan and TonySlavich have both been giving private tuition to budding musicians.

Guitarist Glynn Mason is currently working as a solo performer around Melbourne. Ariel's last single, the one with Mason singing lead, *It's Only Love,* entered the national top 100 charts last week. Bit of irony there—Ariel chucked it in because they despaired of ever getting airplay.

Mike Rudd has taken up band management and record production in preference to pulling yet another band together.

The Damned's Dracula style singer Dave Vanian (as in Transyl) just got hitched to a young American lady he'd met a day or so before. Optimists are hoping the title of The Damned's new single *(Problem Child/You Take My Money)* is in no way an omen of things to come for the happy couple...

Wishbone Ash have just commenced the first leg of their world tour.

The band have started their tour in Europe.

The band will then be working in England where they drew a big audience during their tour there last year.

After an extensive tour of the United States in January, Wishbone Ash will be visiting Japan before touring Australia.

No dates have yet been set for their Australian gigs.

The band, who took up residence on the American West coast in 1974 to avoid the heavy British taxes, last visited Australia in 1975.

Wishbone Ash have spent the past few months recording a new album in Miami with producers Ronnie and Howie Albert. The album will be released later this year.

Abba might be well on the way to becoming a big business corporation, but the Osmonds have already proven that clean living goes hand in hand with making money.

Over the past couple of years the Mormon family has been busily constructing a huge business empire.

The parent company, Osmond Inc., is chaired by George Osmond, the family's father and each of the brothers is a vice president in charge of a subsidiary company. Only young Donnie and Marie escape corporate duties.

The family is currently planning a $2 million feature film starring tubby little Jimmy Osmond. The movie is to be produced in the Osmond Entertainment Centre, which is currently being built by the Osmond Construction Company. The mammoth 52 acre complex will allow the Osmonds to produce all of their films, television shows and records in the one building.

The family also owns shopping complexes, a large cattle station in Utah, off-campus apartment complexes and fan club merchandising establishments, as well as being majority owners of a large agricultural complex in America.

Obviously clean living pays off.

Rabbit has broken up.

According to members of the band, the split was amicable and due to the heavy financial strain facing the group, rather than the usual reason of musical differences.

Apparently the former members of Rabbit are in the process of looking for day jobs so they can pay off the debts the band has incurred.

Rabbit made their final appearance in Sydney and played a vastly different range of songs to their normal set.

Amongst their repertoire for the final performance included songs like *Strangers In The Night,* stuff they've probably been dying to do for years.

Rabbit are just one of the many top bands that have broken up recently, hit by financial hassles. The Carol Lloyd Band broke up last month for the same reason.

Uri Geller, the handsome, darkeyed Israeli who has paranormal power, will be returning to Australia for a national tour.

Geller will present what has come to be known as the *Geller Effect*—bending metal objects such as spoons and keys, starting clocks and watches that have been broken for years, mind-reading and other paranormal doings.

While he was doing a radio interview on his last Australian tour, people phoned the broadcasting station and claimed that metal objects had been bent in their own homes.

Preparations are currently underway for an event that has been billed as The World's First Rock 'n' Roll Cruise.

Leaving Sydney in December, the liner SS Australis will be taking a fifteen day cruise through the Pacific with some of the top names in Australian rock performing on board.

Skyhooks, Dragon, The Renee Geyer Band, Scandal and Moonlight will be on board to entertain the 1,600 passengers who are expected to partake in the floating adventure.

Called Rockcruise 1, the tour will visit Auckland, Suva, Lautoka and Noumea and will feature two rock festivals involving Australian and local bands in Fiji and Noumea.

The estimated cost of the venture will be $31 a day for the fifteen days.

Although details have not yet been finalised for the cruise, preparations are well underway.

We've heard that Alice Cooper will be returning to Australia mid-way through next year with his biggest and best stage show ever.

During his next tour Cooper will be doing seasons of up to a week in each capital city. All gigs will be indoors this time, good news for those who got rained on last time.

The concept behind the show is to present a full Broadway style production in each city. The stage will be enclosed in a huge television set complete with wavy lines of distortion. The show will open with a compact presentation of the *Billion Dollar Babies* production he did a couple of years ago. At the end of that, commercials will flash across the screen before the *Welcome To My Nightmare* show is presented.

After more commercials, the channels are changed and Cooper will present his latest *Lace And Whiskey* show, based on his private detective character.

The logistics of the production will make the show one of the most complex that has ever been staged in this country. By that time Alice's favourite snake, who's pregnant at the moment, should have had her snakelets and be back at work...

Jeff Lynne, writer, singer, guitarist and producer of the Electric Light Orchestra has joined the bulging ranks of British tax exiles by moving to Switzerland.

Recently Lynne proved he has too much money to keep the British tax scales under control by flying fifty friends from London to Munich to hear E.L.O.'s new double album.

Entitled *Out Of The Blue,* the album contains one track called *The Whale.* All royalties from that song will be donated to the Green Peace Movement who spend their time battling for the preservation of whales throughout the world.

Hush guitarist Les Gock's solo single, *Everywhere I Go,* is a radical change from the material he's been playing on stage with Hush for the past five years.

Hush took their first break from touring for years to concentrate on recording. The result was their last album, *Touche.* Les Gock's single has been lifted from the album.

As well as his songwriting success with Hush, Les has also done well in other fields. *If I Was Certain Of Your Love,* a song co-written by the guitarist and producer Robbie Porter, became a finalist in the Australian Song Festival this year.

The Little River Band will be returning to England this month for a series of twelve concerts.

The band has been touring Europe. They played at the Reading Festival in England, where they were reviewed with reserve by the English music press.

After their English tour, Little River will be going back to America for a few weeks of follow-up promotion for their latest release there, *Diamantina Cocktail.*

After that, they'll be coming back to Australia. Reports indicate that when they get here the band will be touring as part of the Fleetwood Mac/Santana package.

Aerosmith

GETTING STUCK IN EUROPEAN MUD

Nick Kent keeps his feet dry and reports on their progress in the bog.

Maybe it's the classic rock manager's dilemma—that's not inconceivable—but still, all things considered at this premature hour of the day in this secluded Belgian town, there are more pertinent problems to be hauled over the coals. I mean, for starters, the band aren't even here yet.

Aerosmith, so the official tour schedule states, should have been cloistered securely inside this Holiday Inn some 24 hours ago in order to properly fortify themselves for this, the first gig of the European tour.

But the manoeuvre had to be postponed a whole day due to an inpenetrable 'pea-souper' suddenly gathering over Boston's main airport, blocking all prospect of air-traffic until Nature had seen fit to clear the blemish from its skies.

And then there was this little matter of the venue itself.

That particular pit is just the opener of what may well end rightfully eulogized as the most systematically harrowing, tortuous excuse for a rock festival ever promoted in the Western hemisphere. For by the third day even the spectre of the large brutal barbed-wire cage corralling in a good 12,000 suckers has taken on a secondary position in the eye-sore stakes to the sheer predominance of *mud*—a logical legacy after some 48 hours of torrential rain-storming.

By Saturday, Aerosmith manager David Krebs still has no news of his band having actually boarded the plane over in distant Boston, but Krebs isn't overly worried by their non-appearance and takes a general no-news-is-good-news stance to the whole state of affairs—unlike virtually everyone else, who reckons that the band probably got wind of the debacle going down over here and just blew it out at the last minute like Greg Allman had done the night before.

Krebs has other things on his mind, though.

"I'm just wondering what Steven Tyler's going to do when he sees all that mud in the backstage area."

The thought plagues him so much that he quickly resolves to go out and virtually buy up the nearest Wellington boots supplier.

Aerosmith *are* currently America's hottest rock band commercially speaking, or at least as monstrous, record-sale-and-live-appearances-wise, as The Eagles and Kiss—the two other arguable king-pins—so that it doesn't even matter who's tops anyway.

Their secret for success isn't actually too hard to divine—just hard, hard work on the road, slowly lifting the status up from third to second and then finally to the premier league while their four albums have, without being in any way original or scraping the most tasteless boundaries of rock indentikit, all harvested solid platinum via a cocksure sense of what the kids want and a truly superb hard-rock producer, Jack Douglas.

Their main image bearings are centred around lead singer Tyler—a brattish, rather precocious figure with a rough-hewn, almost Corsican prettiness going for him that makes him initially resembel a more street-kid-orientated Italianate Jagger look-alike.

Aerosmith, though they find the tag awfully noxious, are very much hewn from a sort of rough and ready Rolling Stones archetype. Tyler and guitarist Joe Perry onstage, for example, have obviously copped their duet posing—the clustering around one mikestand for the chorus, the whole studied stone-faced routine—from Jagger and Richard's classic repartee.

But the tag can work both ways. At their best the band's street-level sloppiness forces the eclecticism into a bracing tour de force of sheer commercial hard rock savvy, far eclipsing the more austere and comparitively arthritic works of their big brother influences, viz. *Black & Blue* and *Presence.* (Zeppelin are another prime source of inspiration, by the way.)

On the downgrade slope, Aerosmith's eclectism has them marked down ultimately as mere imitators bereft of any real original style and thus an easy target for disgruntled critics everywhere.

Their American success was assured possibly from the outset, though, for precisely those reason, because the kids out there seem only too willing to pick up on sharp, accessible imitations when the real deal gets scarce on the ground. CSN & Y in flux? Take the Eagles instead. Alice Cooper goes Vegas? Kiss'll keep the kids in the sports-arenas drooling for tasteless extravagance. The Stones only tour once every three years? Buy Aerosmith.

This evidently, has been David Krebs' mode of thinking all along and full marks to him for it.

Nowadays Aerosmith don't just live in Boston, they practically own it—that's if you care to casually add together all the vast acres the band's members equally casually mention that they now possess. For Joe Perry it's all multi-acres, a plush studio and innumerable racing cars, while Tyler's spread is more expansive and there's a four-seater plane with professional pilot always at the ready.

Other members of the band, all accompanied by their wives, match off what can only be defined as a fairly simplistic vision of the world and a naive manner with their reflections on the latest mass'o acres they've just bought up.

An odd bunch, Aerosmith. Yeah, they've arrived just like Krebs knew they would and even though they're facing off a pretty acute shot of jet-lag they still come on more like youthful American tourists than a rock 'n' roll band on tour.

As I said, they've all brought the old ladies along—and sit huddled together quietly talking to each other. Even Tyler fails to spark off the immediate atmosphere with any hint. Still jet-lag does tend to have a pacifying effect on even the most exuberant soul.

Later in the evening the band congregate at the concert site and, after the speculation earlier, I'm quite disappointed to notice Tyler viewing the horrendous mud-bath of a backstage area with nary a grimace. He just slides right into the whole perverse 'fun' thing of slinking around in glitter wellingtons and a long tan leather-coat with his petite girl-friend on his arm. Only the huge shades and the self-consciously exaggerated gait tend to give him that "Hi—I'm a hugely successful rock 'n' roll singer" air, though even this is all remarkably low-key.

Earlier Krebs had informed me of the band's mini-dilemma some months earlier when after a consistent three years of solid gruelling work schedules, the strain-lines were starting to tell, leading the members to desire as wide a berth from each other as possible. This, then, was to be the first gig in months, and the fact that they'd just newly re-convened, with a lack of a recent familiarity, was causing an oddly dour temperament within the camp.

Tyler was the only member who seemed even capable of looking animated. And while the other three—Mssrs. Whitford, Kramer and Hamilton—looked, to say the least, somewhat formal in their manner, it was Joe Perry whose distance from virtually everything around the inner sanctum except his wife, an abrasively striking blonde, seemed at times quite disturbing.

Together with Tyler they put on a perfectly adequate rock show—unadventurous, sure, very derivative, certainly, but there's a cocksure quality to their energy outlay and even though they're still humping the same old machismo crotch-shot terrain they're never as dowdily plodding as Bad Company, say, and on an adequate night Tyler, who is a good performer, and Perry together set off a chemistry which allows the whole show the kind of dog-eared mastery of white raunch that the Stones alone have previously been able to muster.

Next day is socialising time for the journalist and the band. Of course, it's private jet time courtesy of the C.B.S. coffers, but these things are all necessary to keep up the necessary profile.

Or are they? Because beyond Krebs' sharp-shooting managerial panache and at least an attempt by the band led by Tyler to put on a corporate—*"We-will-conquer-this-new-market* face, the band are seriously out of touch with the scene (certainly in Britain) and the only thing the tour will ultimately achieve is to give them another tax-loss outlet.

Tyler comes on incredibly chipper, exuding an extrovert bonhomie which, for all his rather balefully immature constant sexual braggadoccio, makes him a genuinely likeable geezer. But all the detail in the world about his past ("I was a Led Zeppelin roadie," he mentions, perhaps not realising the full irony of his confession), the band's early career, the American take-over ("Detroit was the turning point, after that we exploded") aren't much use here. The real question has to remain—exactly why does this band even want to conquer a financially inferior waterhole like Europe in general and Britain in particular?

"I'd rather take on a new challenge like this and really work at it than, say, do five sell-out gigs in Cincinnatti", replies Tyler. "Pride and ego," replies Krebs, whose determination to break the market is almost enough to make one believe they will. Both, without stating much, seemed to express the frustration that comes when you've conquered the main drag and only the hinterlands remain.

THE RISE AND RISE OF PETER FRAMPTON

IN WHICH THE GAME PLAN IS REVEALED, ITS DESIGNERS OWN UP, AND EVERYBODY LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

Penny Valentine checks out the Frampton goldmine in London.

"I'm more confident now, that's the difference. Success brought me confidence and relief because I finally made it," said Peter Frampton, leaning back into the fat soft cushions in his suite at the Ritz. He was in London on this midsummer day to attend to personal business, mostly. "Happier? I was just as happy when I didn't have any money. Umm. . . I was told I contradicted myself the other day on that point."

"You were very worried about it," manager Dee Anthony interjected. "It plays an important part in everybody's life. Paying bills, the security, that's human nature. See—he can laugh at it now," he nodded towards Frampton. "But, I tell you, there were moments of desperation. Moments when he said he'd become a session musician. You start to resign yourself, defeat yourself. That's when you have to get another little firecracker going."

Anthony, as ebullient as his artist is reserved, is a managerial tour de force. His rock'n'roll track record (after years in "straight" show biz)—first with Humble Pie, then with Frampton's Camel—is impressive. He cajoled, fought and pushed both acts to achieve the success they sought. Once there, he became their mentor, his extrovert personality riding along in their slipstream.

A rotund, suntanned man in his caftan; his nails polished, hair gleaming, and a diamond in one ear; Anthony talks in a series of exclamation marks interspersed by roars of laughter and bear hugs. People love him or hate him—what they can't deny is his ability, not just to sign good business contracts but to be endlessly watchful—sitting out there in the packed auditorium making mental notes. He will come backstage with his suggestions: a switch of number here, a different ending there.

"An artistic manager?" said Frampton of Dee. "That's his *forte*."

Since Frampton's split from Pie and the eventual demise of the band, Dee and Peter's relationship has been close. People describe it as father and son, that Anthony has been heard to talk about Frampton as "my boy," not so much possessively as proudly. All through our interview Anthony hovered in the background, although he only interrupted when I asked him a direct question.

So—was he the one that provided that firecracker?

"I'll tell you—a little bit of everybody did. Doors can be opened, moves can be made—but the biggest move has to be his."

That move started in 1975. Peter Frampton went to Anthony. He told him he wanted to cut a live album. Dee told him to go ahead. At that time neither of them, with all their experience, had a clue what would happen when *Frampton Comes Alive* hit the racks. It was a calculated risk.

"As much as you can plan anything, we had 'a plan' and it worked very well," mused Frampton. "But then we had to make another plan to cope with what happened."

* * *

To date Frampton Comes Alive has sold 13 million copies worldwide, vaulting Frampton—for a while at least—into the annals of rock mythology. From this springboard his next album, *I'm In You*, went platinum in precisely seven days, he's won polls as best guitarist, his earlier album *Frampton* picked up on the hysteria to sell a million copies more than when it was first released; in fact, A&M Records report that the whole Frampton back catalogue, which hardly dented the market when it first came out, is currently selling like wildfire.

It's hard these days to avoid Peter Frampton. His toothy grin gleams down from billboards, advertisements, album covers; his shirt seems forever open to the waist, his hair is carefully unruly. He has a heavily subscribed fan club. And now Hollywood is after him. He is already committed to playing Billy Shears in the film version of *Sgt. Pepper*, due for release next summer.

He has become a rock phenomenon, and "overnight sensation," and it's a success that has prompted music sociologists to scratch their heads in bewildement.

Frampton himself says the question everyone still asks him is "Why?"

On the surface the answer could be that young America, whether it knew it or not, was looking for a new guitar hero. And Frampton, whether he was aware of it or not, fitted the bill. More, he provided the perfect combination: his looks, his simple accessibility as both writer and performer, his more than adequate but certainly less than spectacular guitar work, the intriguing addition of a voice box. . . although none alone stood out as being unique, the total package was acceptable to the greatest amount of people at the same time. And unlike the Claptons and the Pages, Frampton was still in his mid-20's. Unlike his contemporaries, he was the antithesis of the powerful and often threatening rock hero.

And of course, there was The Plan. It would have finally assured Frampton a fairly comfortable niche in the rock hierarchy. But it was based on longevity, not the explosion that accelerated Frampton from relative obscurity to superstar status in 12 months.

* * *

The Plan got underway in 1974. Three albums had come and gone since Frampton had signed solo with A&M—*Wind of Change, Frampton's Camel, Somethin's Happening*—and Anthony decided that what his artist needed was constant exposure in front of audiences. The long haul began and the beginning did not augur well:

"Look—how deep do you wanna go to start again?" said Anthony. "He was with a group called Humble Pie who had achieved a fair amount of success and a huge album. You pull away from that—knowing that album is well on its way for your own reasons." He looks sympathetically at Frampton. "Then you tour with that very same band, open the show, and you come off stage with barely—" he claps his hands together slowly twice "—And you go back to your dressing room hearing the ovations given to Pie. Don't you think that had some effect on him? To want maybe more? To get that 'I'll show them' feeling?"

Frampton recalled the morning after that opening date. At breakfast Anthony and Frank Barcelona told him he should try changing the order of the act. They agreed to cut out one number.

"We'd never have thought of doing it in a million years—but you saw it," he said admiringly to Anthony.

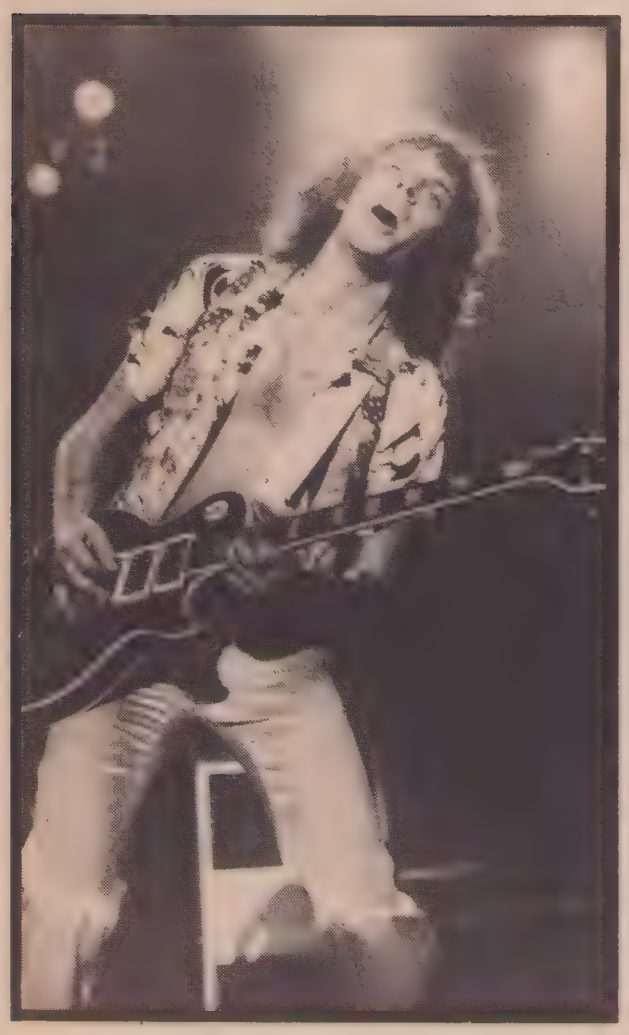
Anthony nodded. "I saw it."

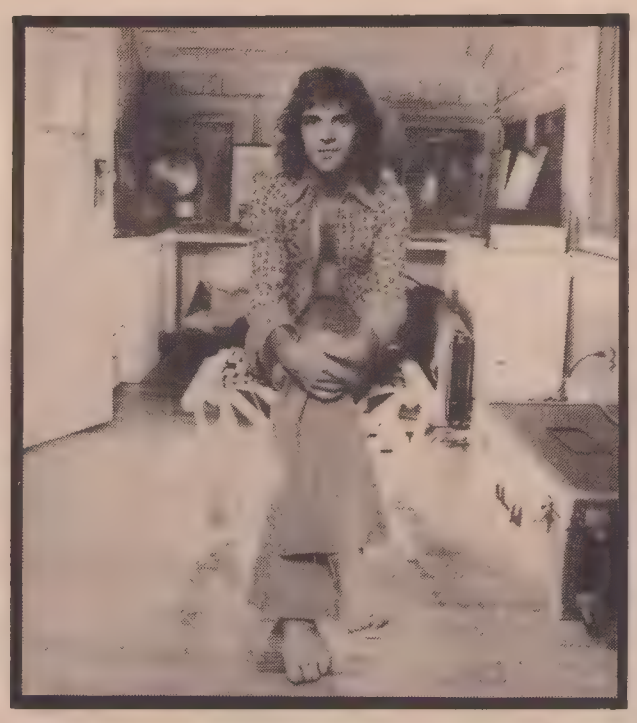
From then on there were constant changes, constant advice. Anthony was on the road non-stop with Frampton. He admits to a lot of trial and error, a lot of standing in the wings saying 'Go on—you can do it,' until Frampton's confidence just to *get out there* had improved.

Anthony continued: "There's always some trepidation with acoustic numbers, right? Then came the problem of cutting out—he was having such a good time up there! So you lay it out and you tighten it up. We played games. Little subtleties on stage, things we know make an audience react. The timing has to be perfect, and it was. I could be in a dressing room and just by listening to the audience react I'd know when we'd hit right on the mark!"

Still, when Frampton went into the studios to cut his fourth album, *Frampton*, he was broke. He was still selling off his stereo, tape recorders and guitars when the album started to break in San Francisco in the spring of 1975. It picked up in other areas where Frampton had gigged heavily, then spluttered out.

More touring followed. By then, dejected though he was with lack of album sales, Frampton's confidence and pulling power on stage was enormous. Over that year it was to become legendary.





"I think it was just a build-up," Anthony asserted. "It wasn't just the touring—there are hundreds of bands that go touring for years and nothing happens—it was what he did with the touring. He grew as a performer. He got into this one-to-one relationship with his audience which very few rock artists have. There can be 20 or 90,000 in the audience, but each individual feels it's to him that Peter is speaking. That's a very difficult thing to achieve. And he went into a lot of markets—secondary and third markets. Like there's a dozen major markets," he said, slipping easily into business jargon. "And after that—you're out in the woods. All of that, plus his growing and developing. . . by the live album—although maybe we didn't see it at the time—the dam was ready to overflow."

When Frampton decided that capitalizing on his audience power was the one way he could break his album sales jinx, most people thought he was crazy. But he had history to refer to—Humble Pie had finally broken on a live album, and they'd cut it at exactly the same period in their careers that Frampton chose to cut his: "When the audience is responding more to the live shows than they are to the records. So I thought, well, let's try it again. I wasn't really worried at all, at that point I had nothing to lose."

The album seemed likely, at least, to pick up 100,000 off live dates. When it reached four million, Frampton, Anthony and A&M were stunned. This past summer 13 million sent them into a temporary state of euphoria—although they are already expressing concern about where they go from here.

I'm realistic enough to realize that whatever has made this happen, you don't do 13 million albums every day," Anthony frowned. "Like coming out with *I'm In You* . . . you just don't know. How high is up?"

The MOR musical stamp that's been attached to Frampton only slightly jars on artist and manager. Anthony opined that the main criticism they're going to get now is from "die-hard" rock critics not knowing what the word *entertainment* means," and that the people who were always writing "Why has he never had a hit?' are the same ones who now accuse him of selling out and going commercial.

"What they don't consider is that he's never had a number one single. His singles NEVER led the field as his albums do. And because of the album success, his singles got so much airplay they sounded like big big hit singles. But from a point of sales he did not have a gold single! *I'm In You* could possibly be the first one."

Although Frampton is the first to agree that his songwriting is less than astounding ("When I write I only do it when I have to. A few chords, a few words. I'm not someone who sits down every day and comes out with 12 songs"), Anthony springs to his defence:

"He's not Cole Porter! He writes a line like 'I'm in you, you're in me, cause you gave me the love I never had' and people go: 'Oh how trite!' Well you can say it a lot of ways—that's the way he says it!

"I don't know," he said, warming to his subject, "what some reviewers expect to happen on a record—is it supposed to blow up? Sometimes the best hit over the head is a subtle sledgehammer and that's what this album is. It's so basically simple."

Certainly, Frampton agrees that *I'm In You* was a problem to start on. For the first three days of recording, things went badly.

"I kept telling myself there was no pressure and not to compare it to the live album. But however you do it, people will. I did start to panic. Then I had a mini-nervous breakdown," he laughed. "Then it was fine."

Frampton speculates that it is hard to gauge how many people have bought the new album simply on the strength of *Frampton Comes Alive.*

"Everybody seemed to *luuuve* the live album. But do they *luuuve* the new one? I don't really think they can as much."

Neither he nor Anthony seem naive enough to believe they can hit the 13 million mark again in the near future.

The new plan has had to accommodate the twists of fate and looks likely to concentrate itself once again with improving and building Frampton's stage act. Most arists in Frampton's position have a plan of some kind to work through the machinations of the rock world, but very few would own up to it with the surprising honesty of Frampton and Anthony.

They admit quite readily to a certain amount of audience manipulation, which came to a head at Madison Square Garden. Frampton's three hour show normally ends with an up number like *"Jumping Jack Flash."* Frampton had just written *I'm In You* and Dee agreed that it would be better to end the show with that. "It's called a kiss-off", he told Frampton that night. "It's something calm and they'll be singing it when you get back to the dressing room."

Frampton did the number with a hand mike, no guitar and just Bobby Mayo on keyboard. The result was not quite what they expected. On the chorus Frampton naturally fell into the position of pointing to each part of the auditorium: "And wherever I pointed the place just. . . erupted! It was amazing."

"So the kiss-off," said Anthony, laughing, "became a scream-off! So you see you find new magic by accident, never mind the plans. A song you put in like a nice nostalgic good night becomes 'Now how do you follow that?' "

After the three nights at the Garden, Frampton came off the road for the new album. It was the first long break he'd had in three years. He retired to his 45-acre woodland estate outside New York, trying "not to think about why it all happened. I tried to push it away and forget. It's something if I did find out, I'd be more nervous about."

When he went back to touring this summer, he realized he needed the constant exposure in front of an audience more than he'd thought.

"I got back on stage and felt. . . unoiled, and it wasn't a nice feeling. Now I know I can't afford to take that amount of time off again. I couldn't talk on that first gig. Here I was, supposedly the great communicator. . . so obviously the secret of my success is to just keep working."

Anthony's American summer tour schedule was set up to send Frampton to places he'd never headlined before, appearing in cities most artists tend to avoid. *"Believe it or not, there are still some places I haven't played yet,"* he laughed.

The last few dates on the first leg of the summer tour, according to Frampton, brought the screamers out in force. He seemed unconcerned, although years ago the fact that an audience would scream as he stepped forward to take a solo was a huge psychological barrier. He quit one group as a result and bitterly resented the fact that nobody would treat him as a serious musician. The album sales, the accolades, the press attitude over the past few years have made up for all that.

"I'm secure in the knowledge that the screaming now isn't all that it's about—not like it used to be."

Does he find his "power" over an audience frightening?

"Mmm yeah—but fun."

"It's called command of an audience," said Anthony. "It's knowing. That's the difference between going to work for 8 to 10 hours a day and having nothing to show for it. *He's got a lot to show for the three years he's been out there."*

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YOUR CONCERT STATION

Angie Errigo with The Vibrators in Berlin.

They do say travel is, um, enriching. And if strange experiences in foreign climes are an inspiration to art, then The Vibrators have the drop on their peers.

Why, the New Waves' most frantic stylists of black romance have been fingered as international terrorists.

On Monday September 5 in Cologne, West German industrialist Hans-Martin Schleyer was kidnapped and his four bodyguards murdered.

At seven a.m. Tuesday morning, at a farm outside Hamburg, The Vibrators were roused from sweet dreams of London girls in whips and furs by a force of 30 polizei pointing machine guns at their heads.

Apparently the Old Wilhelm have a notion that the hit job and snatch were the work of IRA membbers, possible mercenaries enlisted by the Red Army Faction, an offshoot of the Bader-Meinhof group of German revolutionaries. They regard the IRA as the supremos among international urban guerrillas, and it's been opined that the ruthless efficiency of the Schleyer operation (and the Russian weaponry evidently used) were not the style of the home-grown variety of violent dissidents.

Accordingly the village law, eyeing The Vibrators' equipment van at the farm and the tough-looking bunch of foreigners seen riding around in it, got all hot and bothered and pushed the panic button.

Let's face it, if you were feeling jumpy and paranoid, a skinny, twitched-out customer like a Vibrator in his black plastic drainpipes and sinister shades wouldn't be your idea of a dream date either.

After the initial fright, the band were seemingly let off the hook when a thorough search of the farm and the equipment van appeared to establish that they were, indeed, just a harmless bunch of rock 'n' roll weirdos.

Back in Berlin—and I don't say "safely back in Berlin" because part of the buzz of the place is the ever-present sense of danger—The Vibrators were pretty revved up by the experience but still well pleased by their temporary move to Germany. The last six weeks have been divided between the city and the *usually* peaceful farm where they've written masses of new material.

Contrary to the early publicity, The Vibrators have not quit Britain. They will be returning soon. According to CBS, the reports of self-imposed exile came out because nobody knew what was going on—the band just upped and left.

"We just liked it here really, a lot," singer Knox explains. "It seemed to be a good idea and creatively a better environment. We've been touring Britain non-stop for like eight months, and on little excursions into Holland, France and Germany, Germany was the most go-ahead kind of place. We needed time and a sympathetic environment to get some more material together, and it's proved to be a really good idea.

"Nothing's happening in London. Everyone seems to be running around cutting each other's throats, and the media seem to be in a terrific muddle about what's going on. Here we're away from all that. It's like we've all had a nice holiday while the group has really held together and become stronger."

Guitarist John Ellis, the one who looks like a cherubic skinhead, characterises himself as the "Intellectual core" of the band and gets a lot of flack for eating muesli and reading up on medieval chivalry, likens the scene in Berlin to London 18 months ago.

"Something is about to break. There are all these bored kids waiting for something to happen. Punk rock is about to lift off here, and they're eager for bands."

The fascinating thing about The Vibrators' gig in Berlin—at a cinema where they're billed alongside a *Hollywood Und Die Nazis* film season—is that the audience display more poses than you can get under one British roof. Girls in satin and glitter on their cheeks rub shoulders with Hell's Angels; long-haired boys in denim sit between Bryan Ferry lookalikes and transvestites; a boy called Jackie El Dorado with a peroxided-polka-dotted hedgehog cut, chats with a ringer for Nick Kent who idiot dances at the front, oblivious to a barrage of beer cans from bikers.

"It's like a concentrated mass of creative people" Ellis says.

"The whole situation here is so bizarre," Knox elaborates. "Musically you're completely free. At first you think it's because of The Wall, but a lot of people here never think about it. But it's like an island, and extremes are forced to the surface."

This is evident even in East Berlin, where, after an interminably dreary lesson in bureaucracy at Checkpoint Charlie—passports scrutinised five times by armed guards over a distance of 30 yards; vehicles inspected for no-nos like books and newspapers; a mandatory minimum of Deutschmarks changed into Eastern currency that can't be taken out again; the sole German member of our party held for an hour and sent back, etc—we wind up in a showcase culture palace resembling the South Bank complex in London and imbibe American-style ice cream concoctions.

Driving past the flash bits for tourists and through dilapidated but atmospheric back streets is, in truth, not at all unpleasant. Only the border business, and the appropriately grey gloominess of a rainy day contribute to the *Spy Who Came In From The Cold* fantasies. But the band have been copping the feel; there are militaristic similes in the new material like *Troops of Tomorrow* and *War Zone*.

"You can't help being influenced by the feeling of Berlin," Ellis said. "All that military stuff going on goes beyond just a situation in East Germany. You begin to read in into your own personal situation. 'War Zone' sounds on the surface like a story of an area where people are fighting, but it's a conflict that happens in all sorts of situations. The feeling about not only Berlin but society everywhere is that it is becoming harder and you're coming face to face with a much tougher reality. There's more and more violence."

The edge of violence present at most rock gigs these days doesn't phase this band. "I frighten myself sometimes," says Knox. "I mean I'm not at all a violent person, but on stage I really get into it because the music is hard and fast and it's really great when the audience gets excited and starts gobbing and throwing things.

"This band is all about doing dangerous things. It's up to the band to be outrageous on stage because it frees the audience."

Ellis continues "Despite some of the things we have said in the past and some of the things that have been said about us, we do have something to say. There's relevant thinking going on in our songs. But primarily I think we should be fun. Let's go get drunk."

THE SUPER OBSCURE ANTIPODEAN ROCK QUIZ.

So you think you know something about Australian rock'n'roll? This quiz, compiled by Glenn Baker, is the hardest one we've ever had. There are 25 copies of the double album, *So You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Star Volume 2*, the one covering The Psychedelic Years of Australian Rock 1967-70, courtesy of Festival Records to be won. The set includes some thirty seven tracks from that era of the great phaser. To win one, we don't really expect you to be ableto answer *all* these questions correctly; the people who get the most right will get a copy of this true collector's item. You have a month to work it out—entries close November 10. Here it is then, the hardest quiz ever—

1. The Running Jumping Standing Still featured a fiery guitarist who later joined The Masters Apprentices. What was his name?

2. There is now not one original member of Sherbet in the group. Out of the present lot, who was the first to join? (Free clue—Daryl Braithwaite was second last).

3. Three Australians and/or New Zealanders have been members of Manfred Mann Chapter III. One was a member of The Librettos. Another was in the Playboys, Procession, Bulldog, Renee Geyer Band and Greenslade. The third musician was once with Phil Jones and the Unkown Blues. Name two of them.

4. What was the true identity of The Pastoral Symphony, the motley collection of musicians who had a number one single in 1969? (If you can come up with the band that was the mainstay of the mob, that'll do.)

5. Two of Australia's most prominent rock managers—Ray Evans and Glenn Wheatley—began their careers as members of which rock groups?

6. What are the real names of two of the following three people—Brian Cadd, Lobby Lloyde, Rockwell T. James?

7. Correctly match the following Oz rock musicians with their overseas band associations:

1. Glen Shorrock	1. Thunderclap Newman
2. Leith Corbett	2. Quartet
3. Kevin Peek	3. The Pink Fairies
4. Ron Peel	4. Quintessence
5. Phil Jones	5. Esperanto

You need to get at least three out of five right.

8. Jeff St. John has fronted three different recording groups? What were their names?

9. What was the name of the record producer who founded his own *World Of Sound* recording studios and label in 1970 and turned out a long string of hits by such bands as King Fox, Flake and Samuel Lilith? (Free Clue—first name initials M.E.)

10. When The Groove (hits: *Simon Says, Soothe Me,* '67-68) arrived in England, what did they change their name to?

11. Which three Australian musicians have been fully fledged members of the Bee Gees? (excluding the Gibbs, of course) since 1966? Two will suffice. . .

12. Name three New Zealand groups who established themselves in Australia during the *sixties*.

13. Name three recording bands which three of the following five musicians have played with, all separately:

Duncan McGuire
Les Stackpole
Ross Wilson
Phil Manning
Dennis Wilson

14. Name two groups from Brisbane and two from Adelaide who made national impact in that period.

15. The National Battle Of The Sounds was staged only once in Sydney—in 1970. Who won it?

16. In which suburban groups did these stars of the seventies first come to be noticed?

John Paul Young
Bon Scott
Daryl Braithwaite

17. In which year did the famous Australian radio ban of British records take place?

18. Who was the piano player/producer/arranger who played in Heart and Soul, The Questions, In Focus and The Affair?

19. What was the location of Australia's first open air Rock Festival? (Clue—in N.S.W., north of Sydney).

20. Which pop singing superstar of 1965-66 returned to prominence in the early seventies fronting bands called Moonstone and One Ton Gypsy? (He's originally a New Zealander).

21. Name three prominent Australian rock musicians of the sixties now residing and working predominantly overseas?

22. The English group Tin Tin *(Toast And Marmalade)* featured three Australian members. Name at least two and which Oz bands did they come from?

23. Name three prominent Oz groups or solo artists who made working trips to England during the sixties.

24. What was the name of Bobbie and Laurie's backing group? What was the drummer's name, and with whom is he currently playing? (Clue—last name is Young).

25. Who were Big Goose and Little Goose? (Giveaway clue—they were both in the same edition of Chain).

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BARE WIRES
THE AUDIOPHILIC A.B.C.
PART TWO: I TO W.
The second part of (Simon Davies') be-a-roadie-to-your-own-stereo alphabetic guide.

I.C. Integrated circuit. A solid circuit block contains the actions and functions of transistors, diodes, capacitors etc. I.C. blocks and chips take up much less volume than their transistorized counterparts.

IHF MUSIC POWER. Normally, the power rating of an amplifier is taken over a continuous power duration. But many amps can deliver a greater amount of power over a short duration of time. An amp with a continuous power rating of sixty watts may deliver, or be capable of delivering, seventy five watts of power over short durations. This higher rating is called IHF power.

IMPEDANCE. Resistance to alternating current. The basic unit is the ohm.

INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER. A pre-amplifier and power amplifier combined. Also known as the *CONTROL* or *PRE-MAIN* amp.

INTERFERENCE. A good example of interference is when that bastard across the road operates his electric drill whilst your favorite radio program is on. Passing vehicles can also be the source of extraneous noise because of the spark plugs. A.C. current can be a source of interference and this is called *HUM.*

I.P.S. Inches per second. Common I.P.S. ratings in tape recorders are 1-7/8, 3-3/4, 7-1/2 and fifteen I.P.S. Cassette speed is usually 1-7/8.

LEADER. The coloured tape attached to the beginning of recording tape.

LINE OUTPUT. The output of a preamp or tape deck. The voltage at the line output is sufficient to drive a power amp or headphones.

LOUDNESS CONTROL. At low volumes, the human ear tends to become less sensitive to very low and high frequencies—lower grade components can also lose a great deal of frequency response at low voltage levels. To counteract this, a loudness control is added to many amplifiers.

MONAURAL. Literal translation—one eared. As with binaural, the name is used erroneously to mean monophonic—or one channel.

MOVING COIL CARTRIDGE (MC). A magnetic cartridge which employs a stationary magnet and moving coils to induce current.

MOVING MAGNET CARTRIDGE (MM). A magnetic cartridge which employs a series of stationary coils and a moving magnet. This is probably the most common and efficient form of cartridge.

MULTIPLEX (MPX). Frequency modulation in stereo.

NOISE. Hiss, hum, distortion, interference, rumble etc. Often, plain old noise is used to express the sum total of all extraneous signals.

PHASE SHIFT. In a tuner or amplifier, some frequencies tend to lag behind others, this can cause either a blurring of the stereo effect, or a loss of channel separation in an FM receiver.

PHASING. When the connections from an amplifier to the speakers are made in such a way as to cause each speaker to move in sympathy or equi-directionally, the result is called *INPHASE* wiring. In a hi-fi system, such wiring is essential.

POLARITY. Positive, negative, north and south.

POWER HANDLING ABILITY. The maximum amount of power that can be fed into a loudspeaker without causing distortion or damage.

PRE-AMPLIFIER. See *AMPLIFIER. (last issue)*

PRE-MAIN AMPLIFIER. see *CONTROL AMPLIFIER. (ditto)*

QUADRAPHONIC. Four channel stereo.

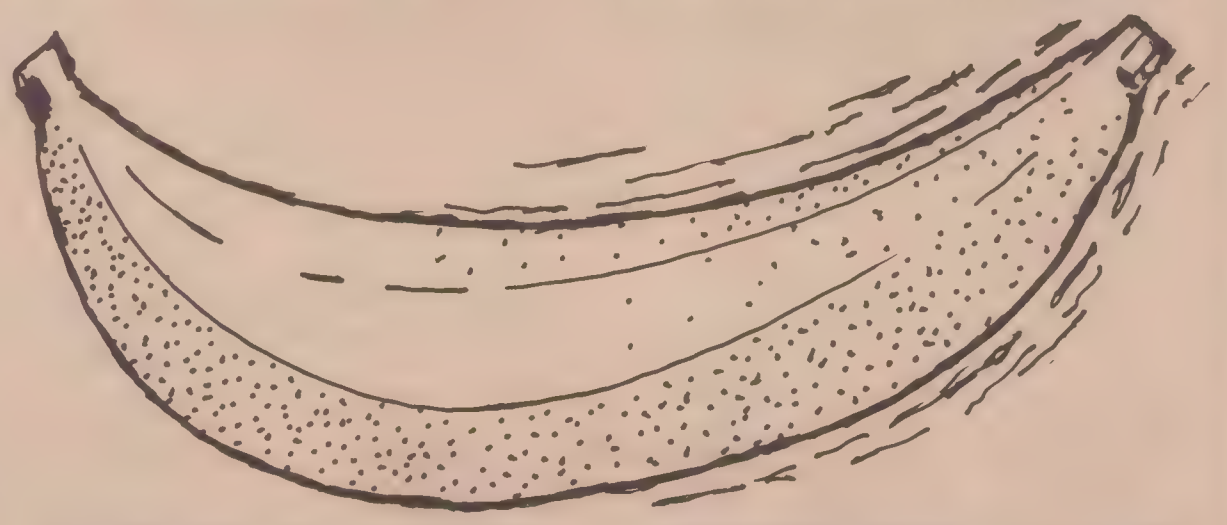
RATED OUTPUT POWER. The maximum power that can be produced from an amplifier, without distortion.

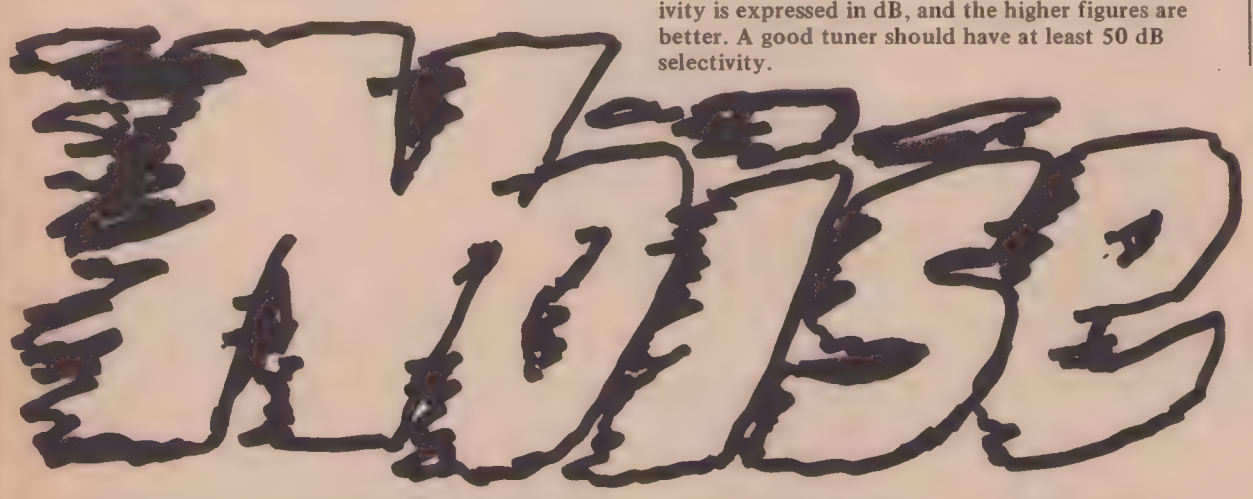
RESONANCE. Every stationary, mechanical or electrical device has a tendency to vibrate, or be susceptible to vibration, at a certain note or notes. A speaker cabinet may have a resonant frequency of 440 cps, which means that when a note of that frequency is produced by the enclosed speaker, the cabinet will react in an exaggerated way.

REVERBERATION. This term is often confused with *ECHO* but in the real sense, they are two different terms. Reverberation is the effect that is caused by clapping your hands in an empty room. The sound is reflected back from the walls and ceiling, but the sound could not be called an echo. A band playing in an empty auditorium can produce a great amount of reverberation, but echo cannot be achieved until the reflected sounds are relatively clear with respect to the original sounds.

RUMBLE. A low frequency sound that can be caused by an unbalanced motor, platter or record.

SELECTIVITY. The ability of a tuner to single out an uninterrupted station or frequency. Selectivity is expressed in dB, and the higher figures are better. A good tuner should have at least 50 dB selectivity.





OHM. The basic unit of impedance or resistance. Named after the guy who invented it—he put his hand on a bare wire and exclaimed "Ohm y Christ"

OMNI DIRECTIONAL. Equal sensitivity or output in all angles and directions. Used mainly with certain types of speakers and microphones.

OVERLOADING. Feeding a signal into an amplifier, which is greater than the unit's handling capacity.

OVERTONE. A musical sound that is composed of one pure frequency is called a fundamental note. However, additional tones quite often accompany a fundamental because of various accoustic and electrical properties. Such additional frequencies are called Overtones.

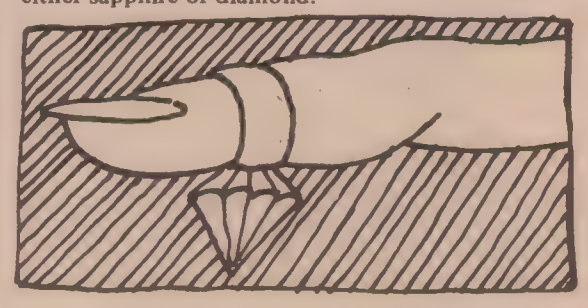
SENSITIVITY. To attain a certain rated output, a turner or amplifier must be fed an input of a minimum voltage. This is called sensitivity. The lower the required input, the higher the sensitivity. A good FM tuner should have a sensitivity of 2.2 microvolts, but if you live outside of a twenty five mile radius of the FM broadcasting area, it would be best to aim for a tuner with a 2 microvolt sensitivity. This reading should be at a level of 30 dB, but often a rating of 50 dB is used.

SIGNAL TO NOISE RATIO. (S/N ratio) This figure is intended to show the amount of hum, noise and unwanted signal, in comparison to the desired signal voltage. In taking this reading, the volume is set to a maximum position and the tone controls are at the minimum position. The figure is expressed in dB. The higher the value, the less unwanted signal is present in the final output. The Phono S/N ratio should be at least 65 dB and the AUX S/N ratio should be at least 70 or 75 dB. A 75 dB rating means that only one six thousandth of the output signal will be noise.

SIGNAL MONITORING (MONITORING). In its most common sense, monitoring is the process of listening to the signal, or sounds, during recording. Monitoring is also used in the context of adjusting tone, volume, balance etc.

STEREOPHONIC. Two separate channels.

STYLUS. The part of a phono pick-up that traces the record groove. It can be made out of either sapphire or diamond.



SYNCHRONOUS MOTOR. An A.C. motor used frequently in turntables in which the rotation is in step, and directly related to the frequency (cps) of the current.

TAPE DECK. Tape unit comprising a transport system and pre-amplifiers for playback and recording but without a power amplifier or speakers.

TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION. see *DISTORTION* and *HARMONIC DISTORTION. (last ish.)*

TRACKING ERROR. As the tone arm on a turntable moves toward the centre of a record, the angle between the cartridge and the record groove becomes more and more acute. This causes a loss of response and a certain amount of additional wear to the grooves. The amount by which the cartridge deviates from the groove or tangent of the record is called its tracking error. Turntables have been developed which reduce this factor to a bare minimum, they are called *LINEAR TRACKING* turntables. Standard turntables however, should have a tracking error of no more than two or three degrees.

TRACKING FORCE. The amount of force that is required to keep a cartridge in the groove (so to speak). This is directly related to the compliance. The higher the compliance, the lower the required tracking force. To minimise record and stylus wear, the tracking force should not exceed two grams.

TWEETER. A small diameter speaker which is designed to reproduce the high part of the sound spectrum.

VOICE COIL. Attached to the cone of a speaker is a coil of wire within a magnetic field. The alternating current from the amplifier causes the magnetic field to change, and a corresponding reaction from the coil. Hence, the movement of the cone and the subsequent sound waves. The coil is usually called the voice coil.

VOLT. The basic unit of electrical pressure or electromotive force.

WOOFER. A large diameter speaker which is designed to reproduce the low part of the sound spectrum.

WOW. A slow pitch variation that is caused by speed fluctuation in turntables or tape decks. The maximum permissible percentages are the same as for *FLUTTER (last issue).*

GRAFFITI

Cherie Currie

TELLS TALES ABOUT THE RUNAWAYS

Avid Runaway-watchers could be forgiven for thinking that the crutches Cherie Currie is currently wearing are a direct result of the feud between her and her erstwhile colleagues.

For while the Runaways' mentor Kim Fowley says the differences between Cherie and her ex-stage partners were strictly musical, the girl herself maintained that her break from the Hollywood Nymphets was anything but amicable.

And now, from the comfort of her folks' surburban home in the San Fernando Valley (it's like Wollongong with permanent sun), she lays it straight on the line.

Hisses Cherie: "They hated my guts, the stupid bitches. They wanted me out. I hear they had quite a few conferences before I quit. They hated my guts but they were afraid that if I was out of the band they wouldn't know how to survive."

Apparently they have survived and Cherie's damaged cartilage—caused by a car accident—didn't prevent her from taking a peek at them at recent gigs wound up with a week at Hollywood's Whiskey.

So you're still on speaking terms?

"Well I thought I was. Until uh I. . . I really wanted them to be good. I've no grudges against them. I'm doing my own album. I wish them the best of luck. But they were so unprofessional. They were like a bunch of whining little babies up there, and for them to do something like that was so immature and unprofessional that. . . "

Take it from me, Cherie wasn't bowled over by The Runaways.

Mind you, she and her twin sister hadn't much time for their support band either—LA Pistols surrogates The Weirdos, who even feature a Sid Vicious lookalike.

"You suck," the girls hollered and they weren't a little wrong.

As for the revibed Runaways themselves, methinks Fowley, who incidentally, has gone Total Punk complete with dog collar (and this is Andy William's producer), has a problem on his hands. Without the exquisite Cherie the visual impact is not what it was, even if they still register a sizeable reading on the Drool-O-Meter.

Joan Jett, who now takes care of the front-line, isn't blessed with the greatest voice since Aretha Franklin. Otherwise The Runaways still pack a fairly muscular punch —providing your back isn't turned.

Cherie herself believes the band are destroying themselves—"and I'm not gonna go down with them."

Says the little lady: "They don't know what they want —and it's not because of me. The Runaways were not me. I didn't want my picture on the album covers. They wanted their pictures. I would much rather have had the whole group, 'cause that started the crisis.

"A band always has a front-man, but the girls didn't take it that way. They started to hate me. It was always me. They were sick of seeing me. Sick of it.

"Sometimes they could get really tough. Joan, Sandy and Lita are like one fist, and me and Jackie (who quit before Cherie during their Japanese tour) were just staying there waiting for one of us to get knocked down.

"Me, I was never afraid. But they were just very, very vicious and in Japan Jackie couldn't take it any longer. I don't blame her at all, because they pushed her and pushed her. She tried to hang on but just couldn't.

"Another thing was, I spent more time with my friends than I did with my group. *They* wouldn't see their friends. If their friends weren't in rock 'n' roll they weren't their friends.

"After leaving I felt like a ton had been lifted off my shoulders.

"You see, Kim as a manager was never right. He never tried to keep the band together. He let us fight. And I don't like fighting. I'm not that kind of a person."

Yes, but you've always come on as a pretty hard lady—even a little wild?

"That's just a character I portrayed. I'm just a normal everyday teenager. I like flowers and horses. I like the country and stuff."

Last week the former Runaway started writing songs for her solo album. The music will be "heavy rock 'n' roll with a good solid melody."

Fowley told me he'd be producing, but young Cherie has a different view.

"Kim doesn't put any feeling into it. And I want a person who can put their whole heart into it. *I care.* It's my life."

Steve Clarke

STOP PRESS

Following a phone call from Melbourne, it has been confirmed that Jim Keays has left the band after some trouble in the recording studio. Keays' vocal tracks have been wiped and it now appears that Phil Manning will be singing on the album. It also appears that Andrew Kaye may have left the group.

Jim Keays will continue to help in the song-writing. The band, which will now be working under the name of Manning, have cancelled the opening dates of their tour.

COLD CHISEL

Last night, Jim Barnes clambered on stage to sing with Rose Tattoo. Angry Anderson stood in the corner by that amps and watched Barnes stomping around the boards and clapping his hands with those same exaggerated elbow smashing movements that he employs with Cold Chisel. He looked positively mean.

Cold Chisel have just signed a recording contract with WEA and hopefully, they'll have an album out early in the new year. Hopefully, cos they're a good hard rock band.

Originally from Adelaide, the group spent some time working in Armidale and are now based in Sydney, although they spend most of their time on the road.

On stage, the band is strong. The majority of their material is original—maybe too many of those *at the pub in West Wyalong, with the chick in Whyalla* on the road songs, but they are balanced out by songs influenced by the keyboard player's neighbourhood of Kings Cross. Songs like *The Last Train Out of Town* about the Vietnam veterans capture some depressing moods with keyboards straight from the lonely depths of hell. And try the instrumental *Because We End As Lovers,* with its weeping guitar. If you thought *Since I've Been Loving You* was Led Zep's greatest contribution then this masterpiece will kill you.

On a good night, Jim uses all the power of his wide ranging vocals. When I first saw this band I like the musicianship but passed Barnes off as one of the ten thousand Paul Rodgers imitators. At subsequent gigs he's been good—there's something individual there, something much wider but I can't pin-point it.

Some six months ago the band did some recording for an ABC surf movie starring Beau Bridges. Now the band have found that they can't record and release a track that was used (*How Many Times*) without overseas approval from the film's producer. Negotiations are currently floating back and forth across the Pacific.

Andrew McMillan

TREVOR WHITE COMES OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Over a period of about six months I had a string of telephone calls from a young catholic lady who was deeply in love with Trevor White. Every few days she would tell me all about the new clothes she had bought to impress him when the pair met. Maybe they will some day. That same young lady built up a healthy telephone bill in trying to convert me to religion. But of course—Trevor White had played the role of Jesus Christ in the Superstar stage show for two years.

It's a heavy shadow that's been tailing White over the past couple of years. But now, with the release of his debut solo album White has dropped the long hair, the beard *and* the Jesus Christ Superstar shadow. Not that he minded the role—he saw the whole thing as a political experience; Christ was the leader of a radical political party etc etc. In that light maybe even I can admire him. But, according to Trevor, he never got involved in the character to the extent of believing that he was the man. Rather, when he and Judas argued it was like an argument in the pub with Jon English. Nothing more.

But Superstar was not the be all and end all of White's career. Born in Essex in England he came to Australia with Sounds Incorporated, leaving the group in Perth. Later he found himself in the first edition of Superstar. When that folded he returned to England and joined the Kinks for an American tour. As a part singer in their rock operas he worked with the Kinks for a few months before returning to England where he recorded the vocals for Rocky in the Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Back in Australia he joined the cast of Superstar once again.

Of late, Trevor has been touring with Marcia Hines and promoting his first solo album *Out Of The Shadows.* With the backing of his own band and the help of Renee Geyer's band, the album was recorded at EMI's studios in Sydney.

Basically made up of original material, the album explores a wide of styles. No longer Jesus Christ Superstar but Trevor White—solo artist.

Andrew McMillan.

In the middle of the night
I look at you
shades on naked figure
bright
your skin turns white
give what you don't want
to hide
inside the feeling is right
holding what is out of
sight
staring eyes shades
pressure tight
covering the light.

© Ferry.

When published with my ph. number in Loose Licks mag. vol 2 no 2 Spring 78, it caused to jam my phone for 9 days between 10 to 12 and 1 o'clock at night. Reason: The sensual kick.

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MARGRET ROADKNIGHT ANOTHER GOODBYE

Margret Roadknight's career could be best summed up by her last concert before leaving for the U.S.

The audience was varied—ranging in age from seven to about seventy. There were the normal, run-of-the-mill radical feminists plus school kids, transvestites and grandmothers—and their reactions showed equal variation.

The fact that this concert had been unofficially billed as a "farewell Margret Roadknight" affair seemed to have a slightly morbid effect on the audience. We all filed quietly in to take our seats at 8.30 where we sat for fifteen minutes crying into our Fantales about Ms. Roadknight's impending departure.

The whole thing was neatly divided into four sets. The first was called *Ice* and was a preview of her forthcoming album. The first song was the title track sung from behind a translucent curtain with Ed Gaston on bass as sole accompaniest.

Then came *Never Quite Catching The Tune*—enter Judy Bailey on keyboards who, of course, was magnificent. For the rest of the set, which included Doug Ashdown and Jimmy Stewart's beautiful *Winter in America,* the ice took over—Margret froze, the band froze and the audience froze. *In the Heat of The Night* injected the only moment of warmth in a very cold twenty minutes.

Set two—*Changes*—and a change of costume. The penguin outfit of set one was discarded in favour of a crocheted poncho with a strange yellow and mauve undergarment. Four songs into the second set Ms. Roadknight recovered from the ice age but, unfortunately, the audience still had frostbite.

I was just thinking the concert was at the point of no return when Margret launched us headlong into set three—*All Blues.* After *Nina* and some incredible drumming from Jimmy Young came *Wild Ox Moan.* The accompaniment stopped and those shivers started creeping up and down my spine. Margret Roadknight's voice attacks you somewhere in the central nervous system producing a rush of pleasure.

Set four was called *Sounds Of Silence* and opened with the Paul Simon song of the same name. It was the best rendition of a much overdone song I've heard. This was followed by *Rosey Jane* and the audience came to life for a sing along; "Rosey Jane, are you pregnant again, Rosey Jane/you can hardly take care of the four you had before," etc.

Things went from warm to hot and Ms. Roadknight encored the evening with *Girls in Our Town.*

Well, Margret Roadknight is off to America. It's only for nine months, but if things go well for her there we just might have lost Australia's most talented female singer.

Wish her good luck as you wave her goodbye.

Samantha Trenoweth.

DRESS CIRCLE

JETHRO TULL SYDNEY

To be honest I only caught up with Tull around the time of *Aqualung;* and of course when *Thick as a Brick* hit the racks I took myself in to town for a copy as soon as I could. How I remember the day I bought *Aqualung* and *The Yes Album*—two records in one day! Unheard of. Of course in time I came to see the flaws in *Aqualung* (lacked guts, I thought) and I even sold my *Thick As a Brick* but at the time I was the happiest kid in town.

And then Tull came to Australia. Take yourself back to July 1972, Block 9, Row J, Seat 15. There I was, riveted. Ian Anderson was great I thought, what an amazing flute player; and remember cheeky Barriemore Barlow in his red hot pants? And how did Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond keep on the move like that and still manage to play his bass? We got the complete *Thick as a Brick* that night, *Professor Panglos* an' all, plus all the favourites from *Aqualung* and things like *Bourree* and *Song for Jeffrey* from the early albums too.

Then I forgot all about Jethro Tull for a couple of years until the band returned in 1974. Well, it did turn out to be a great night—Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond and his striped guitar, Ian Anderson's flute solo—the same one as before too—and the great joke at the end with the telephone; "It's for you" he said as he left it for the audience. But there was something wrong. The music just wasn't up to the standard of the theatrics. *Bungle in the Jungle, Backdoor Angels, Passion Play*—not a very impressive list, is it? Still, we had good seats.

Now here they are back again. I wonder if they remember that night five years ago? I do, and I think most there that night did as well. You see, the audience has grown older with old Mr. Anderson himself; there were a lot of cowboy boots and straight legged jeans and not many pairs of thongs there this time. Times have changed and Tull no longer keep company with Deep Purple, Floyd and Led Zep as the fave high school bands; which some might say is strange because funnily enough the *music* was the same as before. Do you realise that except for a truncated *Thick as a Brick* and the substitution of a couple of things from *Songs From the Wood* in place of the dire *Passion Play* and *War Child* dross, we got dished up virtually the same show as before? The same flute solo (again), the same prancing, the same bloody set practically, except for the jokes, and this time we got less of the theatrics for our money—$8.90 instead of $4.80. The high points were *still* largely the *Aqualung* vintage material—*Wind Up, Locomotive Breath, Wond'ring Aloud* and *Cross-Eyed Mary.* The old wave never dies, it seems, it just stagnates. The irony is that this used to be a progressive band.

But what about the plus side of things? Well, there was some nice guitar from Martin Barre and the show was still Good Entertainment (3 stars), based loosely this time on Anderson's bowler hatted vaudevillian country squire called *Stirrup.* The lighting was good and the sound was certainly loud and clear even for those at the back. New bassist John Glascock is a worthy successor to J.H.H., and in fact none of the band could be faulted technically. But who needs a drum solo in the first hour of a two and a half hour set and why does John Even still persist with his *Aqualung* image of the Mad Musician; and why they need the extra keyboards of David Palmer and his Ph.D or whatever it is, is beyond me.

And finally Ian Anderson—beneath that one-legged cavorting and choreographed dementia there beats the heart of a serious, though misguided, musician, and on the quality of his recent musical output he must be fond wanting. He's lucky he has charisma and an undoubted flair for the stage, because without him Tull would be in danger of losing all claims to any credibility they may have salvaged after *A Passion Play* and their subsequent indulgences in medieval rock a la *Jack-the-Green.*

So why do they keep coming back and why did they get two encores? Well, maybe it's because the old songs still sound good and there's still enough spirit left in the band to sell out four gigs in Sydney, which is after all quite an achievement.

Still, all the same, you've got the whole damn thing all wrong, old chap. It just ain't rock and roll. Maybe I could get a job as the man who runs on stage to take old Mr. Anderson's guitar from him at the end of each song.

Matt Dickson

SKYHOOKS. . . Sydney Uni.

Every band has good nights and bad nights and some nights are in an in-between wasteland—just good enough to keep you in the same room, not so good you don't occasionally wish you were somewhere else. On the other hand, the last few times I've seen Skyhooks (and the dates stretch over a three month period) it's been unbrindled crazy bananas all the way.

This time they finished a night of solid storming with a salvo of *four* encores. One encore is uusal, two acceptable if everyone's having a good time. Three is either unpardonable ego-ism or a real shitkicker gig. But when the floor is bouncing like a Hawaiian bombora and the feminists and the gays are collpasing into a bare-chested bi-sexual sweaty cluster and people are quite literally climbing the walls to strut and stomp their stuff (the Uni refectory has these small wooden balconies about 10' above the floor)—well momma, *that's really kicking out the jams.* Roll over New Wave, everything else I've seen over the past six months was just a piddle in the ocean compared to this.

This band can make you laugh and feel supremely joyous even as you try and stomp your foot through the floor and your cranium through the ceiling. No 'we're so serious, we're so heavy, someone told us we're the future of post-bomb culture' for the Hooks. They told a few jokes (but they fell flat) and Greg Macainsh still looked uncomfortable the times he took the microphone for some in-between song chat, but when it came to playing they were controlled and deadly. There were new songs; *Life In The Modern World, Daughters Of Brighton, Hotel Hell, Don't Take Your Lurex To The Laundromat, Do The Hook, Trouble With The Computer, Megalomania.* Good songs too, even though the lyrical points were thoroughly blunted by the fairly wretched acoustics. But when they entered the back straight of their second set with a slug of familiars like *Carlton, Living In The '70's* and *Ego Is Not A Dirty Word, that's* when the party hotted into jump-up-and-fall-down total rort.

A small hall, a compact crowd of about 450 and a hot Skyhooks is a surefire recipe for that almost forgotten elixir, Rock 'n' Roll Bliss.

And the four encores—*Brown Sugar, You Just Like Me Cos I'm Good In Bed, All My Friends Are Getting Married* and *In The Heat Of The Night*—ah, that was taking bliss to ecstasy.

Anthony O'Grady. (Who's back, so watch it.)

THE SPORTS MARYATVILLE HOTEL, ADELAIDE

Well, punk's alive and almost living in Adelaide which is good news to this poor parochial lass. The Sports aren't exactly punk, but they *are* one of the finest examples of new wave we've got.

They're a Melbourne band who, over the last few months, have established a strong following and a firm reputation as being one of *the* bands to watch. Their E.P. *Fair Game* even got a noteworthy review in London's N.M.E. trade paper. They're new like radium.

Wednesday night at the Maryatville, and the excitement is building. Obviously word has spread and the audience is heavily loaded: trendy d.j.s., ex-lead singers of every band worth its salt (*how come they're ex then—ed*), the import record dealers who're backing new wave. For the first time in years the Maryatville is an exciting place to be.

Following a highly derivative bracket by neo-Graham Parker-ish band Clean Cut, The Sports hit the stage. Immediately they dispel any myth that's been allowed to build. "We're just a dance band," singer Steve Cummings announces, "we don't do anything except play music and you can dance to it."

They lurch into a gutsy *When You Walk In The Room,* an old Searchers standard indicative of the band's own peculiar blend of R&B and rockabilly. Their manager tells me tonight is their first interstate gig and they're nervous. But their music exudes confidence; midway through the second number they have the potentially cynical audience in the palms of their hands. The song is Carl Perkins' *Ain't Nothin' Shakin' But The Leaves On The Trees* and everyone's dancing crazily.

The Sports lean heavily on punchy riffs and lightning licks mightily executed by guitarist Ed Bates, backed up by a strong rhythm section (Andrew Pendleburg, rhythm guitar; Rob Glover, bass; Paul Hitchins, drums; Jim Niven on junk piano). Their music's raw and dynamic, yet strangely sophisticated in its eclecticism—original material mixed in with obscure stuff from the late 50s/early 60s, played with a real feel for its origins. They show sufficient imagination and expertise to lift it well above mere imitation.

Even the Sports' original material sounds like standards—*In Trouble With The Girls* (on *Fair Game*) probably will be/is.

Steve Cummings displays a disarming versatility. One minute he's sounding like the Ross Wilson of Daddy Cool days in *Red Cadillac And A Black Moustache,* the next like Elvis Costello in *Thru A Heart* (a song about Transylvania), then more like Graham Parker in The Sports own version of *White Honey.* Cummings is energetic, manic, gesticulating wildly to the point of hanging from the rafters during a climactic encore of the classic *Keep On Running.*

In fact, The Sports are like a youth elixir, and make the music of bands like Jethro Tull and Yes as superceded in terms of mass relevance as Deanna Durbin and the music of the forties was by Elvis Presley. Which doesn't mean that The Sports are particularly adventurous or innovative—just very current and expressive of the way a lot of people are feeling at the moment, *plus* being a bloody good dance band.

Karen Hughes

NIGHTMOVES CONCERT PALAIS THEATRE MELBOURNE

After seeing The Ferrets in their first concert situation, one can only presume that Ian Meldrum's and Michael Gudinski's involvement with the band will make them or break them.

All the good things have come too soon for the members of a band that have been around for a long time in years, but have a mental attitude which is quite pathetic.

A hit single first time around, thousands of dollars spent on them in the studios, lavish production and the works could have The Ferrets collapsing under pressure.

They spent hours rehearsing for the concert and yet when they came on stage they were as nervous as hell and fell apart at the seams.

About 80 extra people were on stage at various times to help them with the big production numbers—40 little cherubs from the National Boys' Choir, a 12 piece string and horn section, Ariel's Tony Slavich on keyboards plus another key tickler, a sax player and banjo man.

They opened the show with *You Belong With Me,* a romantic little song that highlights the girls, Pam and Jane Miller, on harmonies.

After a couple more songs came the big production numbers, first *Dreams Of A Love* which had the choir, the strings and the horns plus this wailing police siren. And that's when the big mess started.

Curtains were dropped incorrectly over half the choirs' heads, a little choir boy was supposed to sing a solo bit and through no fault of his own missed the cue and stood there quite embarrassed. The sound became a big botch as everything got tangled up.

Then in *Janie May* we had all their friends, members of The Wombats, girlfriends, drag queens and Geoff Duff with inflatable plastic doll dancing across the stage, squirting beer and singing. A song that had sounded so nice and sweet in the studios had been ruined.

They have talented songwriters and a brilliant up front man cum lead singer cum their best guitarist in Bill Miller. They shouldn't detract from it.

Dragon headlined the show but it seemed that everyone was quite weary after going through five bands before.

The sound was dreadful, the lighting bad, the theatre curtains again went bonkers and it was only thanks to Marc Hunter, their lead singer, that the show was redeemed.

Everybody said that Dragon and Mother Goose were the best acts of the day, and that's not surprising.

Mother Goose I had seen too many times to see again cos I know their stage routine well enough.

But back to Dragon—they were great.

Opening their set with their forthcoming single *April Sun In Cuba,* they then stepped into *Blacktown Boogie, Get That Jive, Sunshine* and *This Time.*

For the first time during the concert, more than 10 people were dancing in the aisles—more like three quarters of the 1000 odd people left their seats and the rest stomped feet and clapped hands urged on by Marc, who with a bit more tact in the tongue will slay his audiences even more in the future.

Lead guitarist Robert Taylor sang his *Bob's Budgie Boogie,* a great little rocking number.

The band finished off with the amazing *Dance,* which can run for anything between five and 15 minutes.

In this song we saw keyboards player Paul Hewson practice his ballet and do a country and western jig and a waltz with Hunter. One thinks they'd better stick to the keyboards and the singing.

Dragon encored with a little punk rock number whose title was undistinguishable, but unlike many of the new wave bands, they are all excellent musos and the song came over reeking with class.

Dragon showed The Ferrets that you don't need all the lavishness to produce a great show. All you need is talent, good songs, a quick tongue and a rapport with the crowd.

Other bands on the show were Billy T, Stars, Mother Goose and Kevin Borich Express.

A double album will be released featuring the best bits on Mushroom Records, and the live footage can be seen on Nightmoves over the next couple of months.

Diane Schubert

Info City:

All questions to *Info City, RAM, P.O. Box 281, Broadway, 2007.* It's impossible to answer all your queries, but we do try to print a representative selection of what you send us. We also regret that we are unable to enter into any private correspondence on Info City queries.

LITTLE RICHARD

Can you give me some info on a new maxi-single by Little Richard?
Marcus,
West Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

The single has been released in the UK—it contains the tracks Good Golly Miss Molly, By The Light Of The Silvery Moon, and Rip It up.

Also, a new album on the Creole label is set for release soon, titled Little Richard Now.

THE BEATLES

The Beatles albums before *Revolver* were chopped-up, re-arranged or re-named for release in the U.S. Was this the case when they were released in Australia? Was *Magical Mystery Tour* released as a double album in the UK? If so, is it available in Australia? What books are there available about the Beatles?
N.B.
Hornsby Heights

Apart from variations in the album sleeves, e.g. The Beatles For Sale Oz cover featured photos taken in Sydney Stadium, the albums released here were identical to the U.K. releases. Magical Mystery Tour was originally a book and a double EP which was later merged with various singles and released as the Magical Mystery Tour album.

There have been many books written about the Beatles—song books, biographies, discographies and histories. A representative selection is: Love Me Do, A Hard Day's Night, Apple To The Core, Beatles Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow, The Beatles Book, Beatles Songs 1964-1969, Love Letters To The Beatles, Beatles Collection, The Beatles. The first complete discography (1961-1975) All Together Now has been compiled, and can be ordered from major bookstores.

SOUNDTRACK

What's the background music to the *Picnic At Hanging Rock* commercial which I heard on 2SM?
Kathy,
Paddington, N.S.W.

Cheery 2SM engineer Trevor Johnson tells us that the soundtrack from the movie was the theme music you heard. It's available on record.

T-SHIRTS

Please tell me whether I can get a RAM T-shirt?
Mark Johnson,
Beverly Hills.

There're non available now, but we hope to have some for sale soon. You'll see little coupons in RAM advertising the T-shirts when new stocks do come in.

MOTT

Would you please give me some background info on a great group called Mott the Hoople. Did Mott the Hoople ever change to Mott, and if so what was the change in the group?
Mottmania and Fred Zeppelin.

Mott the Hoople was led in its heyday by guitarist/singer/songwriter and writer Ian Hunter (he wrote about his experiences in his "Diary Of A Rock Star" book published in 1973). He was leader, focal point and vocalist of Mott the Hoople until his far from harmonious departure in '74, after a period spent in hospital suffering nervous and physical exhaustion, but his main reason for departure was internal friction in the band. After he left, the band became Mott. It consisted of Overend Pete Watts, bass; Dale "Buffin" Griffin, drums; Morgan Fisher, drums; Nigel Benjamin, vocals; and Ray Major, guitar.

The original band started back in Herefordshire, England, where Overend Watts and Dale Griffin went to school together and ended up in a group, Silence, with local musicians Verden Allen, keyboards, and Mick Ralphs, guitar—Ralphs was the original leader. They added Ian Hunter in London and became Mott the Hoople, named after an obscure novel by William Manus.

Produced by Guy Stevens, they cut their first self-titled album in 1969, heavily influenced by Bob Dylan's Blonde on Blonde. *Their material veered between two styles of writing—Hunter influenced* Mad Shadows *('70), still heavily Dylanish, while '71's* Wildlife, *although chaotic, reflected Ralphs' softer style.*

They ended their association with manager/producer Guy Stevens and Island in late '71; while they'd proved their worth as a live attraction, they didn't sell enough records. The group did in fact split—in March, '72—but were urged to re-form by David Bowie. He introduced them to his then-manger Tony DeFries, and more importantly, wrote and produced their first hit, All The Young Dudes. *Bowie also produced their fifth album of the same name, providing Mott with badly needed success, a new image, and strengthened self-belief. He tightened and focused them into an aggressive unit, then stepped out of the picture.*

Encouraged by Bowie, Hunter assumed leadership of the band. This move cost Mott Verden Allen, who left, and soon after Mick Ralphs, who went on to join Bad Company.

But Ralphs was still around when they made their sixth, and very good album, Mott. *('73), which produced two hit singles,* All The Way From Memphis *and* Honaloochie Boogie. *Ralphs departed before their first headlining American tour, and was replaced by former Spooky Tooth guitarist Luther Grosvenor, who for some reason took the alias of Ariel Bender while with Mott. Verden Allen was replaced on keyboards by Morgan Fisher from British ex-teeny bop group Love Affair.*

They cut The Hoople *album and the in-concert* Mott The Hoople Live *with this line-up in '74, but the Ariel Bender association didn't work out. With much publicity he was replaced by former Bowie guitarist Mick Ronson. He'd worked with them before on* All The Young Dudes. *But about a month later, Hunter went into hospital in New Jersey; The British tour was cancelled virtually to spread that Hunter intended to work solely with Ronson and thus break up the band; Hunter was supposed to have signed a lucrative contract for a solo career, but he vehemently denied money as the reason for his splitting. Whatever, the band split into two warring factions, and Hunter and Ronson went their own way with much bad blood on both sides. The rest of the band re-grouped after six months with singer Nigel Benjamin, an unknown recommended to them by their erstwhile leader Ralphs, and guitarist Ray Major, who had worked with Hackensack, Andy Fraser Band and Frankie Miller. As Mott, they made four albums, but haven't done much for the past eighteen months or so.*

JERRY JEFF WALKER

Could you please give me some info on Jerry Jeff Walker, the guy who wrote *Mr. Bojangles?* I was wondering what releases, singles and albums, he has had.
Mark.

Walker is now at the heart of the 'redneck rock' movement, along with Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelsen, centred in Austin, Texas; their main aim is to enjoy life to the full without worrying about records too much, which has undoubtedly prevented Walker from reaching the wider audience he deserves.
Album rundown:
Driftin' Way Of Life (Vanguard)
Mr. Bojangles (Atlantic)
Five Years Gone (Atlantic)
Bein' Free (Atlantic)
Jerry Jeff Walker (MCA)
Viva Terlingua (MCA)
Walker's Collectibles (MCA)
Ridin' High (MCA)
It's A Good Night For Singing (MCA)
A Man Must Carry On (MCA)

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P.A. Hire service. New 2800 watt JBL Gouss, Phase Linea $100 delivered in Sydney metropolitan area. 4-ton truck plus roadies $50 extra. Enquiries D. Wilson, Box 140, Epping, 2121. Phone (02) 868 2356.

Wanted: Lead and rhythm guitarist to join heavy Quo type band. Must have good equipment, preferably Marshall or Wasp. 16-19 years. Phone John (02) 73 3608.

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NATIONAL TOURS

LOU REED
October
26 Brisbane Festival Hall
28 Newcastle Civic Theatre
29 Sydney Hordern Pavilion
31 Canberra Theatre

November
1 Albury Regent Theatre
2,3,4 Melbourne Palais Theatre
5 Adelaide Apollo Stadium
7 Perth Entertainment Centre

FLEETWOOD MAC, SANTANA, LITTLE RIVER BAND
November
11 Sydney Showground
13 Melbourne V.F.L. Park

FLEETWOOD MAC ONLY
November
15 Brisbane Festival Hall
18 Perth Entertainment Centre
23 Adelaide Cricket Ground

RENEE GEYER
October
7 Canberra Theatre
9 Regent Theatre, Sydney

URI GELLER
October
11 Sydney Town Hall
12 Canberra Theatre
13 Melbourne Town Hall
14 Hobart City Hall
15 Launceston Princess Theatre
16 Albury Regent Theatre
19 Newcastle Civic Theatre
20 Brisbane City Hall
21 Adelaide Festival Theatre
25 Geelong Plaza Theatre

SCANDAL
October
11 Pleasures Wine Bar, Kogarah
12 Sydney University
13 Pleasures Wine Bar, Kogarah
14-15 Coogee Bay Hotel
19 Bondi Lifesaver
22 Northern Suburbs Leagues Club, Coledale

DRAGON
October
11 Castle Hill R.S.L.
20 Pleasures Wine Bar, Kogarah
21 Royal Antler Hotel
22 Coogee Bay Hotel

FINCH
October
12 Mt. Pleasant Sports Club
14 St. Johns Hall, Dapto

COLD CHISEL
October
14 Bondi Lifesaver
17 Mt. Pleasant Sports Club
26 Bondi Lifesaver

TMG
October
7 Rooty Hill R.S.L.
18 Castle Hill R.S.L.

KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
October
8 Captain Cook Hotel, Canberra
25 Castle Hill R.S.L.
28 Swansea Workers Club
29 Royal Antler Hotel
31 Mt. Pleasant Sports Club

November
4 Rooty Hill R.S.L.

ANGELS
October
8 Bondi Lifesaver
10 Mt. Pleasant Sports Club
13 Pleasures Wine Bar, Kogarah
19 Candy Factory
22 Bondi Lifesaver
25-29 Homestead Hotel, Brisbane

November
1—5 Homestead Hotel, Brisbane

CHARIOT
October
27 Pleasures Wine Bar, Kogarah
28-29 Coogee Bay Hotel
30 Bondi Lifesaver

This issue's letters carefully attacked by A. Burton, who has countered incipient insanity caused by O'Grady absence by becoming monstrously egotistical.

Never mind. A. O'G. will be back next ish being intelligent all over the place.

MARC BOLAN 1.

Well, it's happened again. Another of the greats of rock 'n' roll is gone.

Very saddened was I to hear of Marc Bolan's death. I've followed T. Rex throughout my teens and cannot help but feel that Marc's demise has left a definite gap in the current music scene. To me, and I'm sure to many others as well, this gap seems more like a chasm, never to be filled.

Lastly a message to Marc.

Rock On Marc, wherever you are.

Steve,
Peakhurst

I am so distresed and unhappy that I just want to die. The reason for this is that the greatest man that ever lived has died. His name MARC BOLAN. You know there never will be another MARC, and noone will ever come close to MARC'S greatness.

As he was ahead of his time, the people didn't realise just how important he is to the music world. If you listen to any one of his albums, you will realise that he was no oridinary muso, and his lyrics are incredible.

As his assignment is not finished, I know he will be back. There are many more souls he has to save.

So until we meet again, I will remain with great 13 albums by a great man.

Boley Freak

My God, here I am sitting in front of the T.V. and they've just announced the death of Marc Bolan in a car crash. As Bolan was, until about two years ago, my favourite artist and only rock hero, I find this news devastating, so I can only imagine how his many completely loyal fans must feel.

I grew up with Marc, from hearing his single *Hot Love* when I was 13 on my first transistor and he became my immediate idol, to today, when although my tastes have expanded to other groups, I still play my collection of all his albums occasionally.

I don't want to write the complete story of Marc's influence in my life, but rather to appeal to his disciples. Respect him and remember him, but don't close yourself off to any other type of music as I had done. You must realise that Bolan was a strong influence on many of the current crop of new artists, such as The Ramones, Television and some British new wave bands.

I recommend The Tubes for ex-Bolanites, also the groups I've mentioned plus the Dictators and Graham Parker. I'm not being callous; this is my way of paying tribute to the man I grew up with.

Raoul Duke,
Adelaide

To the first two writers, read the last letter and take heart. Don't dwell on what's done in an unhealthy way; you've got Bolan's albums, play them and appreciate, but don't go off the deep end.

HONG KONG

In my opinion, Australian bands should frequent Hong Kong more than they do. The young teenagers of the above mentioned place could do with some "down under" rock and roll to get 'em going a bit. Otherwise they are in danger of succumbing to that dreaded disease, *disco*. Already Texwood (the Apple Jeans) people are launching a great television spectacular tentatively titled "Apple Disco '77".

Just imagine what Hush could do over here. . . Like the bands over here are extremely poor, to put it nicely. And the Chinese singers have a talent for wrecking European songs. Recently I heard the most horrendous rendition of *Devil Woman*. It was so gross.

'Nuff said. Up the Aussies!

Travelling Oz-zite

No doubt in their opinion Oz bands would like to frequent Hong Kong, too; got any free air fares?

REVISIONIST

Hey you literary lunkheads, your main forte in life is writing about other people. The more people you write about the more you accomplish—right? Well how about writing about something closer to home instead of trying to update your magazine by changing your print and positions of your columns?

I saw a band called Twister last week? How about them?

Harry Box

How close to home do you want to get? Forty pages about our backyard weeds and the state of the carpet? I dunno, try and make things more interesting and all you revisionists bitch about wanting to stick to the old order. We have done something about Twister, you missed it, is all.

KISS DEFINED

I think Kiss are repulsive. Simmons is a filthy sex maniac always surrounded by groupies. Stanley's language is disgusting the hairy creep. Frehley should try waking up for once and stop getting bombed and Criss should grow up and stop dressing and acting like a kid. They're bloody crazy. But me too. I luv 'em all. You're Ace. So's Frehley

Kiss fan,
N.Z.

How true, how true. It's nice to see you know they're disgusting—three rousing cheers for disgustingness. One, two, three, blerk. . .

HYPOCRITES

How can you validate going on and on about Boring Old Farts and still continue having them on your covers, viz. Led Zeppelin, Stones, Joe Cocker and last and definitely worst, Jethro Tull. Yeah, I know some of them were touring here so they warrant a mention but witness the Jethro Tull concert which showed the Quintessential Boring-est Old Fart of them all. Come on, how about it RAM—you must be the only magazine in the world that hasn't had the Sex Pistols on the cover?

David,
Paddington, N.S.W.

Funny you should mention that—we had planned on having a S.P. cover but we thought Marc Bolan deserved more acknowledgement. Anyway, RAM is divided into warring faction of Boring Old Farts vs. New Wavers; it depends on who yells loudest.

QUIET—ROCK SLEEPING

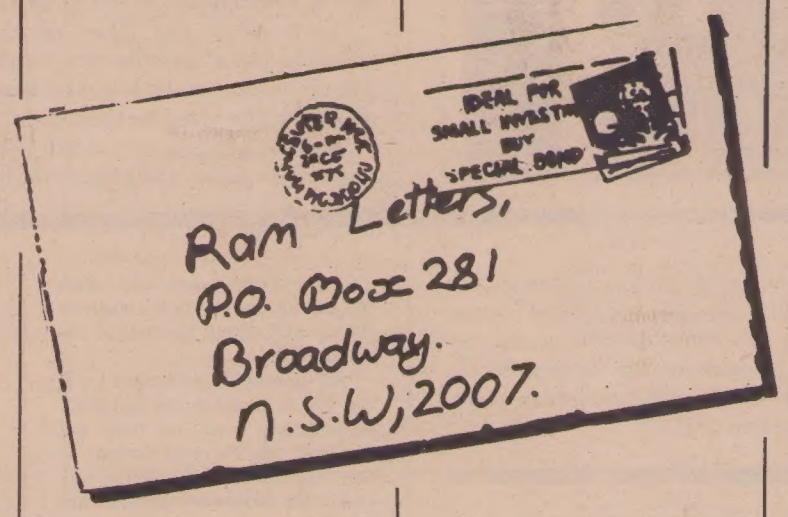
As an ardent supporter of yours Annie Burton, would you kindly send two photographs of yourself to me, if you wouldn't mind.

I've seen a few interviews on Oz T.V. where Oz acts who have been O.S. are asked what they think of Yank crowds and so forth. They always say Yank crowds at concerts are more active and forthcoming with noise than Oz crowds. The only answer to this is that Yanks are DUM. Here in Oz we pay good money to see and *hear* live music. In America they're too busy making their own noise to hear what they've paid ten bucks to hear; what do you think?

As a matter of interest, why did you pick a name like RAM? Does it have some innocent or hidden meaning?

R.S.

Well now what I think is neither here nor there (nor anywhere at all sometimes), but you must realise that American bands play in huge stadia to audiences as large as 90,000. Necessarily, they have huge P.A. systems to project themselves, but the people a mile or so from the stage can't see a thing; so they amuse themselves as best they can. Besides, surely you must agree that some rock 'n' roll is hardly so subtle that you have to sit and study it. It's meant to get you off your bum. RAM is called RAM because it's an acronym for Rock Australia Magazine, which you'd know if you looked at the bit at the front and weren't so DUM yourself. I have no photographs of myself—I'm not trying to be a pop star, love.



SPHERES AND STUFF

An interesting article on the Garden of Eden by John Squire. A bit hard to believe though. The ancient texts may well be right, but the Book of Genesis refers to two of the four rivers as the Tigris and the Euphrates; not exactly Oz. But still, if true, then shouldn't Oz be where civilization started and continued? The most hard bit to believe though is the *existence* of the Garden. Remember Darwin and his theory?

Where is the evidence Mr. Squire spoke of available? And please to keep us informed about the sphere.

The space taken up by pictures in the record review pages is a complete waste—print more reviews, there's loads you haven't done.

Tom Martin

I don't really see what Darwin has to do with it. Presumably you mean his theory of evolution, which was always a theory, and has never been pinpointed to an exact date. Anyway, ask John Squire. The album covers in the record pages are meant to make the reviews more interesting; I dunno, etc. etc. Also, we can't possibly review every record released; do you have any idea just how many there are? The whole magazine would contain nothing else.

CAT SESSION

Listen Annie Burton, who do you think you're fooling? I've seen you lady, and don't say it wasn't you cause I heard one of your stupid mates call you by name, and you're nothing special. You look about fifty and you were making a fool of yourself dancing to a band you were supposed to be interviewing. You had a notebook, anyway, and you were being very matey with the band. Do you honestly think they'd even speak to you if they didn't have to for publicity? When there's good looking *young* girls like me around, why would they waste their time with an old bat like you? You think you've got brains and are better than the rest of us, but you dance like a sack of crap. Wake up to yourself and stop acting better than anyone else—and try wearing make up, it'd probably help cover up that horrible face you've got.

Debbie,
Sydney

Oh great, I haven't had one of these for ages. I thought you didn't hate me anymore Deb. I've won ballroom dancing medals in my time, petal, I have got a brain and I am better than you. The sighting has been mutual darling; I did think the bulge between your satin pants and puce shirt was perhaps a little overdone, don't you? And as for make up, do you have a face under all that blush-on gloss stick-on stuff? Claws at fifty paces, sweetie; I'm not rising above this any longer.

OZ RECORDS

Last week I walked the length of Newcastle looking for Dragon's *Sunshine* album, with full intentions of buying the album, but, out of sheer frustration, I purchased other items and blew the lot. Is there anything we can do, as consumers (short of changing shopping centres) to pick up the slackness of stores in stocking good old Oz albums? They don't have newly released or even popular auzzie albums, but they stock antique Stones albums and Rod Stewart etc. Who is gunna hang around while they *order* the album. Waiting 5 or 6 weeks irritates me—I waited 16 weeks for one single!

And what about the cheepo dust jackets? It absolutely irks me when record companies put out crap dust jackets for Australian Release and slick it up to ship it O.S. Are we that unimportant?! I know there has to be simplifications made, as most things in Oz go over most Yanks heads, but CBS is it really necessary to change the name of *Sunshine?* Granted the dust jacket isn't the greatest, but the name is alright and appropriate.

Sore Feet & Impatient
Newcastle

It's yet another manifestation of some Australian record outlets' conviction that our native records aren't up to scratch or aren't popular. It sounds like you struck a particularly backward store, however, because most retailers are more than enthusiastic to stock what will sell. The record cover phenomenon usually works in reverse; O.S. records printed here from a master tape tend to be of poorer quality than the import version, mainly due to the scarcity of good record cutters in this country. (There's two of them, I think). The same applies to covers, which are printed less lavishly than the originals. C.B.S. changed the title of the Sunshine album because they plan to feature This Time as the superior track in America, and its title has been changed to In The Right Direction. Doesn't make much difference really. Better catch up with the new one, out around Christmas, Running Free.

TASSIE IGNORED

It's so pitiful reading all these letters about groups not going to certain towns. Tasmania used to miss out on a lot of bands coming over—because (a) It does cost a hell of a lot of money to ship equipment, band and roadies over here and then there's hotel and all those other *little* expenses that do mount up. And (b) when they get here they have such a dreadful hall to perform in—other than the city "Barn" there's the Granada Tavern—a local hotel. Sure the Granada is a good place—nice surroundings, the lot, but if it's a group who has that so called teenybopper image, they aren't going to get very many kids under 18.

In the past year Hobart has had nearly every local band (who have toured) perform here under shocking conditions. So Tasmania, stop bloody criticising Oz and international bands for not coming. The standards and conditions they would play in are not suitable for *Tassie* bands—let alone big Oz bands or overseas acts. Until we get a proper venue built I don't think anybody could expect international artists to include Tas. in their dates. Many thanks go to Peter Hudson—proprietor of the Granada for allowing good bands like Finch, Redhouse, Ariel, Sherbet, Taste to perform there.

Kerry,
Hobart

I've been to Tasmania with Hush, and what Kerry says is quite true. The halls were pretty awful, prone to blowing fuses every three songs and dumping the band into silence. Maybe all you Tasmanites should start agitating for a good, acoustically sound, large venue so the logistics of touring would become feasible for all bands. Write letters, sign petitions—it can be done, you know.

COUNTDOWN BLAST

Why do people with talent like Les Gock and Shirley Strachan have to turn to the bopper market? Les sang a song on Countdown and I think he's got a good voice, but why waste it on those screaming bitches? Why not put down something worthwhile? While on the point of Countdown, Ian Meldrum is so bloody dense everything is either "an immense single" or "the best album put down this year" or "I know I'll get killed for this but. . .". He has such a limited vocabulary.

He was in Hobart today and jeez, I wish I'd brought my hand grenades. . . Now I've finished my picking, I think Anthony O'Grady does a Great Job, so keep up the good work.

Oh, and Molly, if you read RAM take some advice from the wise and RETIRE!!!

WHY,
Hobart

For people like Les Gock and Shirl, the bopper market as you call it, is where the money is. Simple. Ian Meldrum just gets carried away by his own enthusiasm, that's all; your letter doesn't seem to be glittering with gems of wit and imagination either. Mr. Meldrum has done an enormous amount of good for Australian bands (although Countdown does seem to dictate tastes rather too strongly at times) and is not a desrving target for abuse. Yeah, sure O'Grady does a good job, I just wish he'd come back and do it.

LUST BUCKET

Anthony O'Grady, you are just so spunky I'm becoming obsessed with you. This is an unabashed plea; how can I get into your pants? I live in Melbourne, but I know you come down here sometimes. My friend and I spotted you one night but I was too shy to talk to you. You're driving me crazy—I'm over age and everything, next time you're down here go to the Tiger Room and this time I'll be waiting for you. I look a lot like Jackie Fox who used to be in The Runaways. only my hair (all of it) is redder. Please Anthony, satisfy my lusts so I can get on with living!

Julia,
Melbourne

Do you know what you're saying, girl? There's a masochist in every crowd, my Auntie Vie used to say. . .

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DIRT

The Vibrators, a British new wave band, moved to Germany.

Their exile hasn't gone too smoothly however.

The band was rounded up by police in Hamburg as suspects in the kidnapping of the German industrialist Dr. Schleyer.

Their house was raided shortly after Dr. Schleyer was snatched, but after an uneasy period during which the Vibrators were interrogated and searched, their identities were established and the police went on their way.

But the police returned the following day, this time removing various papers and objects for investigation.

More tour scam—Blondie supposed to be here before the year's out: Rory Gallagher keen to return: Leo Sayer in the early new year, fully recovered from a nasty fall he took recently off a stage in America. . .

Rock 'n' roll bands are, among other things, renowned for suffering damage to their hearing and destroying hotel rooms.

Roger Daltrey of The Who has admitted that he can no longer produce his recordings because of the damage to his hearing. After playing with The Who for the past fifteen years, the noise level is starting to send him deaf. . .

Mark Holden's third album, *Encounter,* has just been released.

To gather material for the album, Mark financed his own trip to London where he sorted through hundreds of possible songs for recording.

The former law student wrote four of the songs on the album.

Mark Holden is currently working in his first film, called *Blue Fire Lady.* It's a family sort of film about a racehorse, and will be released for Christmas viewing.

Tony O'Malley, keyboards player with 10cc, got busted in Adelaide for posessing Indian hemp.

O'Malley pleaded guilty in the magistrate's court. The police prosecutor M.C. Schwerdt said drug squad police and Commonwealth Narcotics Bureau agents had found the dope in O'Malley's room at the Park Royal Motor Inn, on South Terrace, Adelaide. They found two bags of grass—one containing 28 grams, and another in a suitcase, containing eight grams.

The magistrate, Mr. I.C. Grieve, ordered the drugs to be forfeited (you mean he didn't give it back?) and fined O'Malley $500, giving him three weeks to pay. We told you *last* ish Tony O'Malley was a rager. . .

Vanda and Young have scored another single, this time by Rose Tattoo. The first release will be in early October of the single; one side is *Bad Boy,* a hard hitting rocker featuring some fine slide from Peter Wells. The B side is *Snow Queen.* Rose Tatoo deny they wrote the song after a stint at the jet setter's ski hideaway, Mt. Bulla. Both sides are refreshingly hot and heavy for a change. A hot rock Rose Tattoo album can be expected in the near future. . .

After four years with Paul McCartney and Wings, guitarist Jimmy McCulloch has joined the Small Faces.

At present Wings are not looking for a replacement guitarist. McCartney's band has been off the road for the past couple of months, while Linda McCartney awaits the imminent arrival of her baby.

Wings' new album, which was recorded during some accident prone sessions in the Virgin Islands, is due for release later this year. The band is unlikely to be performing again until well into the New Year.

According to McCartney, the split had been caused by trouble that had been brewing for quite a while.

McCulloch joined the Small Faces in time for their British concert tour which opened a couple of weeks back.

It will be the first public appearances for the re-formed Small Faces since they decided to get back together some months ago, reportedly nudged by money hassles—in other words, the various members were broke.

NEW SLADE

Slade are curently recording a new album.

Their last album was called *What Ever Happened To Slade?* which seemed to be a most appropriate title. But now the lads are ready to make a chart busting comeback with the new album. Who knows, maybe they will. . .

Keith Richard is presently living in a house in suburban New York,

The guitarist, who is on bail of $1,000, is due to reappear in court in Toronto on December 2 for another pre-trial hearing of his drug charges.

In New York, Richard is reported to be undergoing unspecified treatment for his heroin addiction.

Richard will partake in the press launch of the Rolling Stones new live album. After the promotional receptions in Los Angeles and New York the Stones will be flying to Europe to commence recording their next album.

Richard, and possibly other members of the band, will be returning to Toronto in early December for the hearing. As yet, Richard has not entered a plea on any of the charges he's facing.

Stiletto have scored the sound track for a new Australian movie called *Me And Daphne.*

The film is based on the confessions of a cannery worker. The lady who wrote the story did so from experience, having worked at the pineapple cannery in Brisbane.

Not only are they recording for films, but Stiletto have been broadening their appeal with tours of Adelaide, Sydney and Melbourne.

They are also appearing on two tracks of the new *Debutantes* album; Stiletto's material has been produced by Red Symons.

Going Public is the name of Bruce Johnston's first solo album. Johnston, you may recall, was a member of the Beach Boys for eight years before leaving in 1973 to pursue a career as a producer, songwriter and arranger.

His success in those fields has been unquestionable. In 1973 he was the vocal arranger and background singer on Elton John's hit single from the *Caribou* album, *Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me.*

Last year Johnston picked up the American Grammy Award for song of the year with his composition Barry Manilow took to the top of the charts—*I Write The Songs.*

He has also worked with notable artists like Art Garfunkel and the Captain And Tennille.

Now, with his first solo album out, Bruce Johnston is making a promotional visit to Australia.

Lol Creme and Kevin Godley, who've been developing their gizmo, will be releasing the result of their sixteen month project next month in the form of a three album set called *Consequences.*

The concept work tells the story of "man's last defence against an irate nature"; the package includes a twenty page booklet and a full set of lyrics.

The gizmo is a small box that's clamped onto the bridge of the guitar, causing the strings to vibrate. The notes can be changed and sustained, creating a wide range of musical effects, including the sound of a string section.

Very soon an album of previously unreleased material by Focus will be available.

Entitled *Ship Of Memories,* the album is the spearhead of a campaign to rejuvenate interest in the band, which hasn't recorded for the past two years.

Two years ago, the band started to fall apart after the departure of Jan Akkerman.

Focus have now reformed however and P.J. Proby has taken over the vocals. It should be interesting to see how the outfit fare over the next twelve months. . .

Just prior to their departure for an extensive American tour last June, British band UFO ran into trouble. Their guitarist Michael Schenker disappeared.

Until recently, searches for the German born guitarist have been fruitless. Some weeks back however, Schenker was stopped by Munich police for speeding. They recognised him as a listed missing person.

It seems that the musician had been suffering from nervous exhaustion and the prospect of a hectic American touring schedule had daunted him so much, he decided to go missing.

Reports now indicate that Schenker is in good spirits and he has rejoined UFO for the final leg of their American tour.

David Bowie will be releasing a new album next month. Entitled *Heroes,* it features Brian Eno and Robert Fripp as well as Bowie's regular backing band.

Bowie made a rare television appearance last week when he recorded a segment of Marc Bolan's television show. Days later, Bolan, singer with the band T.Rex, was killed in a car smash.

Before his tragic death, Bolan had been recording some material for a possible album with Bowie. The pair had been friends since the early sixties.

As the lead singer with T. Rex, Bolan was considered by many to be the instigator of glam rock. The band had a number of hit singles such as *Get It On* and *Telegram Sam* during the early seventies.

It's getting harder to find a new outrageous publicity stunt these days—most of the ideas have been tried.

But recently, at the Reading festival in England, a band decided to pull a stunt designed to shock everybody present.

The name of the band is the Rats, and they were planning to fly over the festival site and drop—you guessed it—thirty dead rats on the crowd.

The Rats, it seems, acquired a total of thirty dead rats from Chessington Zoo. The idea was to fly over the site and drop the rats, which were sealed in plastic bags for hygiene purposes. The group's record company were appalled by the idea and pleaded with the band to drop the plan, forseeing dreadful visions of rock fans bumped off by high velocity flying rats landing on innocent bonces. But the plan (and the rats) had already been dropped. The rats' corpses had decomposed faster than was anticipated and had to be disposed of prematurely in the nearest garbage bin. Ah, the well laid plans of mice and men. . .

The late Elvis Presley's manager, Colonel Tom Parker, claims to be busier than ever.

Parker is recognised as the man who boosted Presley to stardom.

According to the Colonel, the current situation is just as it was when Elvis was in the army.

Said sentimental ol' Colonel Tom in a recent interview, "He ain't here, but I've still got his interests to look after."

Film producer Roman Polanski has been tried for charges relating to child pornography, drugs and carnal knowledge.

Polanski entered a plea of Not Guilty to the charges involving a thirteen year old girl.

Polanski has been sentenced to three months jail. His jail term has been delayed for three months until the producer has finished work on his current film, the multi million dollar *Hurricane.*

Some observers believe the sentence was a little too stiff, having seen the girl in question, but it is concurrent with the backlash against child pornography and sexual offences against children that is presently sweeping America. In Australia too, tough laws invoking heavy penalties have been passed in a number of states recently. Extra caution for rock bands—get that groupie to produce her birth certificate. . .

DIZRYTHMIA

the latest album from

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MENTAL NOTES
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SECOND THOUGHTS
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